

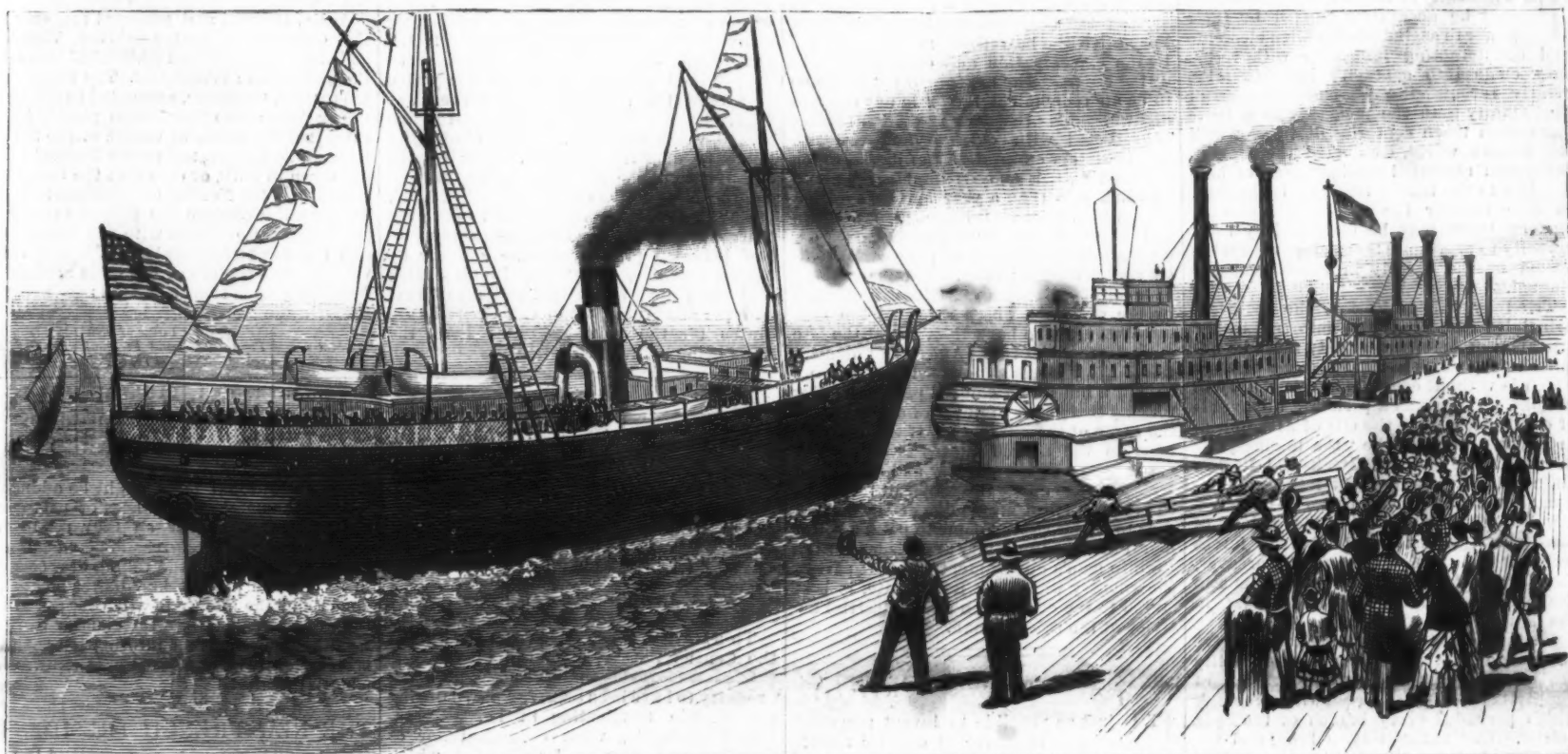
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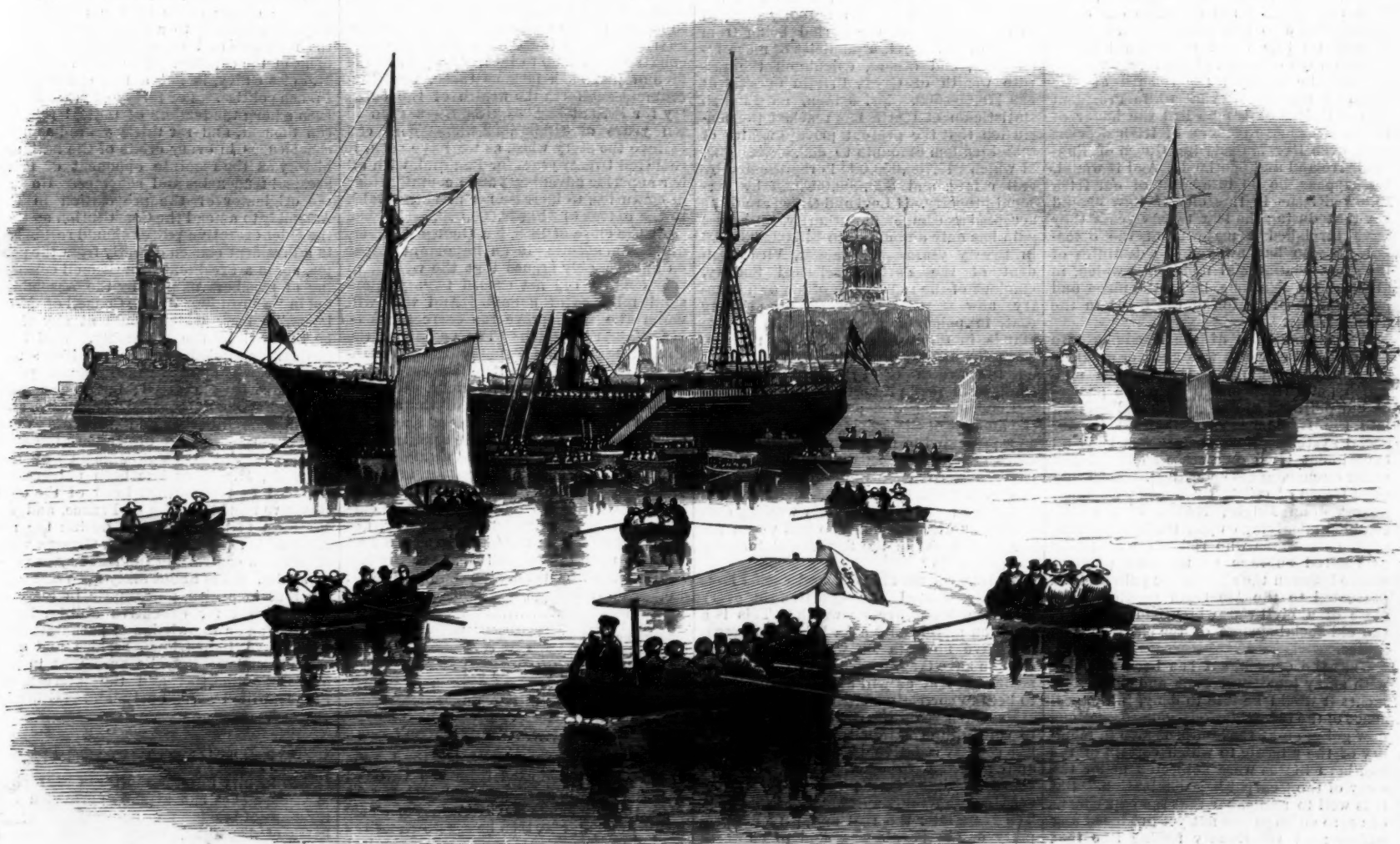
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

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DEPARTURE OF THE EXCURSIONISTS BY STEAMER "CITY OF MEXICO" FROM THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, JANUARY 9TH.



ARRIVAL AND DISEMBARKATION OF THE EXCURSIONISTS AT VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, JANUARY 12TH.

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 430.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

CAUTION.

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SOCIAL AND MORAL TESTS.

THE intensity of moral and social forces may be accurately gauged by their power to assimilate the alien elements and counteracting influences with which they come into contact. Nothing more clearly reveals the leavening power of Christianity than the fact, that in a little more than three centuries, it transformed the Roman world, conquered the Roman polity and relegated the institutes of heathenism to the border lands of barbarism. In like manner the civilizing forces of modern times may be measured by their capacity to propagate themselves within the bosom of the society in which they are planted.

Tried by this criterion, the political principles embodied and enforced in the organism of American society must be admitted to possess a transforming potency which is without example in the history of nations. There was a period in the annals of civilization when the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, seemed to be "the mixing-pot" in which the Jewish, Greek and Roman philosophies were brought into combination, but their cohesion was rather mechanical than chemical—the result of forces from without rather than of forces from within. And these forces, moreover, found room for play and development in the schools of philosophy rather than in the figure of society at large.

On the contrary, the forces which give shape and direction to our peculiar polity are inherent in the very organization of our civil society, and spread with an energy which pervades every branch of the body politic. Our naturalization laws, and the history of naturalization in the United States, are but the expressions and exponents of the faith cherished by the American people in their capacity to absorb and transmute the alien nationalities, which, during the last hundred years, have been incorporated not only into our economical, but also into our political system. It was no idle boast of General Grant when, on the occasion of his recent visit to Ireland, he dropped the remark at one stage of his travels, that while President of the United States he had the honor of ruling over more persons of Irish descent than even Her Majesty the Queen of England, Ireland and Scotland. And it would, we suppose, be no idle boast of our Irish fellow-citizens in this city if they should say that during the last twenty years they have furnished a majority of the office-holders who had swayed the destinies of the great commercial metropolis which, in all business relations, holds the place and performs the function of the heart in the human frame.

The introduction of the freedmen into our political contests was another gigantic step in the same direction, and a step which put a fresh strain upon the powers of our political life to absorb and assimilate the foreign matter injected in our social system. Never before was such an experiment tried on a scale so broad and under circumstances so critical. Even that good friend of our institutions in England, honest John Bright, looked with undissembled misgivings upon the bold venture of the statesmen who risked the advocacy of colored suffrage as the best possible choice between the alternative policies then presented to the American people at the close of a civil war which had subverted the old social system of the slave-holding States.

That the experiment has been attended with many incidental evils and embarrassments it would be idle to deny, in the presence of the investigations and prosecutions now going on at the South, as also in memory of the misrule to which certain of the Southern States were subjected under the sway of the "carpet-bag domination." But it is well to remember that the experiment of negro suffrage has not yet produced any wide-spread reactionary feeling like that which has more than once found expression in our country where the alleged intrusion of the European foreigner was concerned. Attempts have more than once been made

to exclude the naturalized European from any participation in the distribution of political favors, but all such attempts have reacted to the confusion of their authors and promoters, inasmuch that it is to-day a badge of political discredit to have been a member of the Native American party. And yet the prejudice which exists to-day against the negro voter in South Carolina and Louisiana may be said to have found its analogue in the violence and antipathies which once ran riot in the streets of Philadelphia and Baltimore against the white naturalized European who assumed to exercise political rights under the Constitution and laws of the United States.

In order to promote and hasten the process of political transfusion which was inaugurated by colored suffrage, Senator Windom has proposed that an appropriation of money should be made by Congress for the purpose of facilitating the emigration of colored people from the South to the Northern and Western States or Territories. The expediency of such an appropriation may be questioned on grounds of public economy, but the mere suggestion of such a measure ought to be a pregnant hint to such of the Southern politicians as would keep alive the hatreds of race engendered by the emancipation and enfranchisement of the negro. The negro will not continue to be an economical factor in any community where his presence as a political factor is resented with outrage and violence. The voluntary emigration to Liberia, which received such a sudden impulse in South Carolina less than a year ago, was an impulse which took its initiative from the social unrest of the colored race in that State, consequent on a feeling of political disability and personal wrong. That movement in favor of migration to Africa was checked by the disasters which attended the first expedition of the bark *Azor*, but at the late annual meeting of the American Colonization Society it was announced that as many as half a million of colored people are now turning their eyes in quest of an exodus to the home of their fathers. If the Irish exodus to the United States is a standing commentary on the poverty and misrule of Ireland, it behooves the people of the South to take heed lest an exodus of the colored race to Africa should come to point a better moral against the equity and wisdom of the "white man's government" in that part of the country which, by its climate, is best suited to the occupation and industrial activity of the colored man.

WHAT ARE WE WORTH?

IT is just as possible to invent perpetual motion as to arrive at definite results concerning national wealth. Sixty years, according to Mr. J. R. McCulloch, is the very shortest time in which the capital of an old and densely peopled country can be expected to double. On the other hand, it is assumed by Joseph Lowe that the wealth of Great Britain actually doubled in eighteen years, the period being from 1823 to 1841. Levi, a publicist of much reputation, and others, calculated the private wealth of Great Britain in 1858 at \$29,178,000,000. Mr. Giffen, an English statistician of merit, has reached the conclusion that the present private wealth of that kingdom amounts to \$39,200,000,000, of which \$15,700,000,000 is represented by real estate, and \$23,500,000,000 by personal property. If Levi and Giffen are to be accepted as competent authority, the actual gain has only amounted to \$10,022,000,000 in twenty years. M. Vacher, Vice-President of the Paris Statistical Society, emulous of the reputation of his own country, now startles the world by showing that, in point of private wealth, France stands in the foremost rank of nations. According to his recently published work on the wealth of France, the modern Gauls own real property to the extent of \$21,600,000,000, and personal property to the amount of \$18,700,000,000. The total, as represented in money, reaches the enormous sum of \$40,300,000,000. Thus, on paper, France leads England to the extent of eleven hundred millions of dollars. That both countries are enormously wealthy cannot be questioned, but who will vouch for the correctness of the figures put forth by the publicists?

The statements of Giffen and Vacher have naturally started the question in every direction, What are we worth? This is a question more easily asked than answered. We have no data on which to found an opinion save that furnished by the Government, and that, as will appear, is too faulty to help to correct conclusions.

Every ten years the Government assumes to collect information from all sections of the country relative to production, trade, and progress in material wealth. The census for 1850 stated the real and personal estate of the country at \$7,135,780,228. Ten years later the real and personal property of our people was said to be worth \$16,159,616,068, while in 1870 the aggregate wealth of the nation was represented to amount to \$30,068,518,507. Thus in a period of twenty years the people of the

United States, according to official representation, more than quadrupled their personal wealth. Accepting these statements as unquestionable truths, and evidently believing that the same ratio of increase will be continued *ad infinitum*, an enthusiastic American writer says that "our individual wealth will be sixty billions of dollars in 1880; one hundred and twenty billions in 1890, and two hundred and forty billions in 1900." Thus, when the next national census shall have been taken, we shall lead France to the extent of \$19,700,000,000, and beat Great Britain to the tune of \$20,800,000,000. If this is not statistical nonsense, what is it?

The census reports authorized by Congress carry with them their own condemnation. A very few illustrations will make this apparent. Going back to the census of 1860, we find that 3,953,587 slaves tended to swell the sum of personal property owned by the country. These human chattels, if valued at \$500 each, including young and old, large and small, made up a sum of \$1,796,793,500, or, in round numbers, the former slave property of the South may be set down at \$2,000,000,000 in 1860. The whole of this personal property was swept away during the opening years of the succeeding decade. The assessed value of personal property in the States which composed the Southern Confederacy was \$2,478,844,459 in 1860. In 1870 the assessed value was \$611,777,308, showing a decrease of \$1,867,067,151. During the same period the assessed value of real estate fell off to the extent of \$302,640,972.

The Census Bureau professes to give the "assessed" and "true" value of the real and personal property of the country by States, counties, etc. The following table will show the "true valuation" (?) of real and personal property in the Confederate States for the years 1860 and 1870, the same being aggregated:

States.	1860.	1870.
Alabama.....	\$495,237,078	\$201,865,841
Arkansas.....	219,256,473	156,594,691
Florida.....	73,101,500	44,163,655
Georgia.....	645,895,237	268,169,207
Louisiana.....	602,118,568	324,125,666
Mississippi.....	607,324,911	209,197,345
North Carolina.....	358,739,399	260,757,244
South Carolina.....	548,138,754	208,146,989
Tennessee.....	493,903,892	498,237,724
Texas.....	365,200,614	169,052,542
Virginia.....	793,249,081	*600,239,624
Total.....	\$5,202,166,107	\$2,929,340,528

This statistics, compiled from the data of the Census Bureau, show the loss of the Confederate States in real and personal property to have been \$2,272,825,579 during the decade terminating in 1870. Hon. David A. Wells, when Commissioner of the Revenue, furnished estimates which went to prove that the aggregate destruction of wealth, or diversion of industry which would have produced wealth, in the United States from 1861, and on during the years of the war, approximated nine thousand millions of dollars—a sum nominally in excess of the entire increase of wealth, as returned by the census for the whole country from 1850 to 1860. And yet, in the face of just such facts as these, the Government set forth the wealth of the country for 1870 at \$30,068,518,507—a gain in ten years of \$13,908,902,439. Who can believe the story when, as we have seen, it required twenty years for England, with all her superior advantages and accumulations of centuries, to increase her private wealth to the extent of \$10,022,000,000.

At the close of 1868, Mr. George Walker, of Massachusetts, in an important paper on finance, ably argued that the wealth of this country did not exceed twenty thousand millions of dollars. And who will undertake to disprove the correctness of Mr. Walker's opinion? The people of the United States are virtually the Government. If, therefore, we take into consideration the national, State, county, township and municipal indebtedness of the nation, the loss to the Southern States of slave and other property, the loss to the remainder of the Union of its merchant marine and carrying trade, as well as the diversion and suspension of industry for more than four years, and the difference between a currency and gold valuation of property, not to enumerate other matters having a direct bearing upon the subject, we have the following result for the decade ending in 1870:

National Debt, June 30th, 1870.....	\$2,480,672,427
State Indebtedness.....	352,568,698
County Indebtedness.....	187,565,540
Township and Municipal Debts.....	528,244,520
Southern Loss in Slaves and other Property.....	2,272,825,579
Northern Loss to Commerce and Industry.....	1,200,000,000
Difference between Currency and Gold Value of Property.....	3,297,548,038
Total.....	\$10,119,722,802

If the foregoing sum, as it stood June 30th, 1870, be deducted from the value of national wealth, as represented at the same date, the balance is \$20,948,795,705. This latter amount, may then be set down as the extent of our national wealth when the last census was taken.

There is no disguising the fact that hith-

* West Virginia included.

erto census-taking has been a botch. It has been undertaken without order or system, and represents nothing at last. In 1860 the census-marshals added about 33.67 per cent. to the assessed value of real and personal property, and assumed that as the true value. In 1870, to determine the true value, they added 114.45 per cent. That was the average addition, but upon what principle the addition to assessed value was raised from 33.67 per cent. in 1860 to 114.45 in 1870 no living man can tell. But when we look more closely at the matter the inequality and rank injustice of the official system becomes indisputable. For instance, in determining the true value in 1870 the average addition to assessed value of the recent Confederate States was only 35.41 per cent., while the average addition for the balance of the country was 116.35 per cent. Looking at individual States, we find that the addition to assessed value in New York amounted to 288.11 per cent., while in Georgia, the so-called Empire State of the South, the addition was but 18.16 per cent. The same gross disparity exists between other Northern and Southern States.

Again, the real and personal property of the Confederate States—West Virginia added—was returned at \$2,929,340,528, and the population at 9,929,000. The per capita of property, therefore, amounted to \$295.01. Comparison with other States plainly indicates that the material wealth of the South was greatly underrated by the Federal census taken in 1870, or else that the financial condition of the Northern States was largely overrated. Compare the figures given for the Confederate States with the following, and the most skeptical must stand convinced. The figures of the table are taken from the census report of 1870:

States.	Population.	Value of Real and Personal Property.	Per Capita.
Illinois.....	2,539,891	\$2,121,680,579	\$ 835.34
Ohio.....	2,665,260	2,236,430,300	838.72
Pennsylvania.....	3,521,791	3,808,340,112	1,081.36
Massachusetts.....	1,457,351	2,132,148,741	1,463.03
New York.....	4,382,759	6,500,841,264	1,483.29

Many additional facts might be adduced to show the untrustworthiness of past census reports in so far as they relate to national wealth. Congress is now engaged in framing a Bill for the taking of a census in 1880. The project had better be abandoned and the money it will cost saved to the Government, unless the country can be furnished more correct information than it has yet received relative to its growth in material wealth.

THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT.

THE confidence we have expressed in the stability of the French Republic is amply testified by the events of the past week. Not only was the change in the Presidency accomplished without commotion or disturbance, but the change itself, and the choice made by the Chamber of Deputies, amount to a positive triumph of the moderate and rational republican element of the country. The new President, M. Jules Grévy, is not a new character in French politics. For forty odd years he has been among the leaders of radical republican thought, and for thirty years has been conspicuous in every crisis of the national history as the resolute opponent of monarchical tendencies and schemes. He was the originator of the proposition in the Assembly to amend the Constitution so that the chief executive power should reside not in a President chosen directly from the people, nor in a President of a Council consisting of members named by the Assembly, but in "a President of the Council of Ministers," a body which could at any time be removed by the Assembly. Had that proposition carried, the terrors which afterwards came upon France would probably have been averted; but it was lost, Louis Napoleon became Emperor, and for a time liberty and progress were held at the mercy of Imperial bayonets. Since the establishment of the Republic, M. Grévy has been universally regarded as the natural head of the conservative republicanism of France, and as President of the Assembly, during the reconstruction period after the German war, exercised a controlling influence upon public affairs. He is about sixty-six years old, vigorous in health, phlegmatic in temper, distinguished for executive ability, legal acumen, and a knowledge of parliamentary law; brave, industrious, serious and successful; and we may be sure that in his hands the liberties and the interests of France will be jealously and faithfully guarded.

THE CIPHER DISPATCHES.

THE inquiry into the matter of the cipher dispatches has already unraveled the mystery of their publication. A great batch of dispatches, some thirty thousand in number, were delivered by the Western Union Company to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections. Some one in the confidence of this committee abstracted

a large number of the telegrams so delivered, and they were then, after being copied and given to a city journal for publication, placed secretly on General Butler's table. A few of the dispatches were carried off by certain Republican officials who feared they would be criminated by them, and have never since been seen. There seems to be no doubt that the whole body of dispatches surrendered by the telegraph company lay in the committee-room for several weeks, accessible to any one who was on friendly terms with the clerk of the committee, Senator Morton's brother-in-law, and with the messenger, a man named Bullock; and it is equally clear that, in the whole business, the Republicans had an advantage to which they were not entitled. They could at will pick out and make away with the evidence, if such existed in the telegrams, of an intrigue for stealing the Presidency, while they could manipulate all telegrams from Democratic sources in any way whatever likely to advance their partisan interests. It will be difficult, if not impossible, for the committee or its subordinates to explain away the disgraceful features of this utterly indefensible affair.

But it will be even more difficult, we imagine, for the Administration to justify its action in appointing to an important consulate the person who is shown to have abstracted the dispatches. This man, Bullock, was a mere messenger to the committee, of ordinary attainments and without social standing, and yet he was made consul at Cologne, over the heads of applicants infinitely his superiors in every particular. Why? No possible reason for so extraordinary an appointment can be imagined than that "he passed the damaging cipher dispatches from the committee-room into the hands of persons able when they got them to make public use of them, but who could not afford to be charged with taking them themselves." And this is a "reform" Administration, which pretends to make capacity and integrity the standard of all appointments in the consular and diplomatic service.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill to restrict the immigration of Chinese to the United States, the Democratic members having made it a subject of caucus action, and refused to permit discussion of its extraordinary features. The Bill makes it unlawful for the master of any vessel to bring to this country more than fifteen Chinese passengers, and imposes a penalty of \$100 fine and six months' imprisonment for each passenger in excess of that number brought to any American port. Under the terms of the Bill, as thus stated, an Embassy from China, like that recently arrived, which consists of forty persons, would be excluded, and a vessel manned by a Chinese crew would also be prevented from entering one of our ports. So, if an American or other vessel bound to the United States were to rescue shipwrecked Chinese mariners they could not be landed on our shores. This Bill is in flat contravention of our treaty with China, which explicitly declares that "Chinese subjects visiting or residing in the United States shall enjoy the same privileges, indemnities, and exemptions, in respect to travel or residence, as may there be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation." This treaty was of American origin and the result of American pertinacity; and it is simply astounding that any body of men outside of a lunatic asylum should propose now to nullify its provisions and antagonize the spirit of the age in the interest of a mere local political prejudice.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE principal events of the past week have been the MacMahon resignation of the Presidency of the French Republic, and the election of Jules Grévy as his successor for seven years. Of the French ex-President it may be said, in Shakespearean phrase, that in his official life "nothing became him like the leaving it." His own formal announcement of his decision to step down and out is creditable to his heart if not to his head. The fact is that this illustrious soldier is as incapable of comprehending modern republican and democratic ideas as he is of sympathizing with them. As narrow-minded as he is brave and honest, he sincerely believes that the general measures which the ministry and the majority of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, and, it may be added, the majority of the French people, wished him to decree in regard to high military commands, are contrary to the interest of the army, and consequently to those of the country. "I cannot subscribe to them," he frankly declares. "Any other ministry taken from the majority would impose upon me the same conditions. I consider myself, therefore, bound to shorten the duration of the mandate which the National Assembly confided to me, and I, therefore, tender my resignation. In quitting power I have the con-

solation of thinking that during the fifty-three years I devoted to the service of my country, I have never been guided by sentiments other than honor and duty and absolute devotion to my country." These are manly words, and they are unquestionably true. But how far they fall short of the ringing words in which Washington's farewell address warned the American Republic against the perilous subordination of the civil to the military power! Here was the very point at issue between MacMahon and the Republican representatives of the French people. Moreover, in addition to the conscientious scruples of the marshal-duce, the strongest pressure was brought to bear upon him in this emergency, as in that of the memorable 16th of May, by reactionists of all shades, including members of his own family. The late "Accidental" President of the French Republic was, indeed, in some respect free from the fetters of party. Even Jules Simon, in his recently published history, remarks of MacMahon that "it might be said that he had enlisted in no party. By his family traditions he should have been a Legitimist. He had begun his career under the monarchy of July and completed it under the Emperor, who had lavishly rewarded him. One occasion was recalled when he had right nobly proved that he was not a courtier, but could speak and vote with independence." If he had any scruples on the 16th of May, Madame la Maréchale, a strong-willed, ambitious woman, earnestly devoted to the Catholic cause, although her mother, the Countess de Castries, is a Protestant, did not find it difficult to remove them. He afterwards corrected the mistake by which he was then led to dismiss the Simon Ministry, and accepted the situation which irresistible public opinion forced upon him. But now he has yielded to the same influences which then made him commit a blunder almost equal to a crime. His present action, however, has affected his own fortunes and fame much more than the destiny of the Republic.

Of the life and career of M. Jules Grévy, the new President, we have spoken elsewhere. To what is said in that connection, it may be added that ex-President MacMahon promptly called to congratulate his successor—a fact which may be regarded as not merely a formal act of politeness, but as a token of the esteem with which the conservative but decided republicanism of President Grévy has inspired even his political opponents, and as a favorable sign that the French crisis will be followed by an era of tranquillity. France is anchored, at last, to a strong promise of peace and prosperity for seven years to come.

This absorbing French crisis leaves but little space to allude to the resignation of M. Halanzier as manager of the Grand Opera at Paris, an event in the artistic world that, at any other time, would have made a great sensation; to those events in the literary world, the publication of a new poem, "La Pitié Suprême," by Victor Hugo, and, at Berlin, under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences, "The Correspondence of Frederick the Great"; to the revelation that a woman, and an American lady at this, Mrs. Ronalds, née Carter (who is well remembered at Boston, New York and in the American colony at Paris), was at the bottom of the recent difficulty, and almost war, between France and Tunis; to the release of the United States frigate *Constitution* from the threatened lawsuit that might have possibly involved a war between Great Britain and our Western Republic; to the wedding at St. Petersburg between a son of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and the Grand Duchess Anastasia Michaelovna, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Michael; and to the extraordinary precautions which European Governments have been compelled to take for the purpose of resisting the spread of the Asiatic plague. Well, indeed, would it be if the plague of war, which was its proximate cause, could be quarantined.

THE House of Representatives last week rejected, by the decisive vote of 212 to 22, the Bill proposing to lend \$500 from the public Treasury to every settler on the public lands. Such a proof of sound common sense, and indifference to the appeals of demagogues, will occasion no less surprise than gratification. Few would have supposed that the House which passed the Pension Arrearage Bill, or that for the exclusion of the Chinese, could be capable of resisting any appeal made, nominally, in the interest of "the dear people."

THE Brazilian Government proposes, among other reforms, to suppress all the religious orders in the country, to pension the existing monks and nuns, and to apply the property to the reduction of the national debt. This property is estimated at from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000. The number of pensioners would be less than one hundred, most of them advanced in years—the admission of novitiates having been for some time past rigidly prohibited.

Such a step will, no doubt, provoke opposition, but its success would be a great stride forward in the promotion of Brazilian prosperity and tolerance.

DURING the past month the United States Treasury paid over \$25,000,000 of coin obligations, including \$1,400,000 of United States notes presented for redemption, and yet the stock of coin has steadily increased. Hereafter the interest on Government bonds will be paid in gold, if demanded, as was the case prior to January 1st. The payments of the January interest were in legal-tenders or coin checks on the Sub-Treasury in this city whenever the latter were preferred. The February interest will be the first considerable sum that will be paid out in gold (if demanded) for interest. It will amount to about \$6,000,000. But the Department does not anticipate any great demand for gold.

THERE is nothing like consistency, and no Administration has ever furnished more striking illustrations of this quality than that which now directs the affairs of the country. What, for instance, could be more effective, in a spectacular way, than the President and Cabinet deciding that the Arrears of Pension Bill ought never to become a law, and then determining, in the next breath, that the President must sign it? It is as if, finding a burglar with his hands full of plunder upon premises left in your charge, you should call the policeman, and then help the thief escape out of the back window before the "minion of the law" could respond to your call. This last illustration of the Administration idea of consistency will cost the country unknown millions of money; but then, in this perverse world, virtue always costs.

AN interesting statement in reference to the wages and general working classes in Great Britain is just published by Professor Leon Levi. According to the professor's calculations, wages have increased considerably of late years, averaging about £94 for each family among the laboring classes, or £88 after allowing for depression of trade. "Within the last twelve years," he goes on to say, "our laboring classes have had opportunities of setting aside a considerable amount, and there ought to be no reason for the excessive distress complained of at this moment." The consumption of imported articles of food has risen—for ham and bacon three hundred per cent., for wheat nearly a hundred, for sugar sixty, for tea thirty, for spirits twenty, and though these figures are in some sort susceptible of other explanations, they certainly betray an increase in spending on creature comforts.

SENATOR HILL of Georgia made a telling speech the other day in opposition to the payment of Southern war claims. He said, among other things, that "the sooner the people of the South were taught to repair their losses by work, by frugality and industry, the better it would be for them and the country. Let the losses of the war go, and if the people desire to avoid such losses in future they must avoid war." Senator Hill, in concluding his remarks, said "there were four things which the Democratic Party ought to proclaim; first, not to pay war losses, loyal or disloyal, except in exceptional cases, as in the cases of religious and educational houses; second, not to vote any more public money to build up mammoth monopolies; third, to pay the public debt in good faith; and, fourth, to restore Constitutional rights to the people of the country and to practice economy in the public expenditures." The party that shall take its stand, honestly and in good faith, on this platform, will be the party to which the people will in future commit the control of their affairs.

A NOTABLE feature of our growing trade with Europe is the great increase in the exportation of agricultural implements. During the first ten months of 1878, our exports of mowers and reapers, and other agricultural machinery, as compared with the same period in 1877, increased nearly fifty per cent. Our exports of live stock, during this period, show an increase of nearly \$5,000,000. Indeed, there is scarcely an article of merchandise the amount of which exported has not largely increased during the past year, and in some of the great articles of export the increase is enormous. The shipments of wheat have more than doubled, which is also the case with rye, and the prepared breadstuffs (which include farina and other articles of food manufactured) have increased more than three times; the exportation of oats has increased nearly five times, while other breadstuffs show large gains. The exports of unmanufactured cotton increased thirty per cent., while the exports of manufactured cotton were more than equal to the previous year. The shipments of leather increased about twenty-five per cent., and those of oils show a similar increase.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SENATOR J. P. CHRISTIANCY of Michigan was nominated for United States Minister to Peru on January 29th, and promptly confirmed.

A. LOWDEN SNOWDEN, Postmaster of Philadelphia, has been tendered and accepted the position of Director of the Mint, in place of the late Dr. Linderman.

THE subscriptions to the four per cent. loan during the month of January, 1879, amounted to \$158,851,150, and the calls during the same period to \$150,000,000.

THE Potter Committee began the investigation of the cipher telegrams at Washington, January 27th, and decided to send a sub-committee to New York to take testimony.

On January 29th, the Legislature passed the bill repealing the charter of Memphis, and remanding it to the territory of Tennessee, and providing for its local government as a taxing district.

THE Louisville (Ky.) almshouse was burned January 31st; four of the inmates were killed and two seriously injured, while all others, 334 in number, fortunately escaped. Loss, \$175,000.

THE United States District Court at Alexandria, Va., in the Arlington ejectment suit, has decided in favor of General G. W. C. Lee, and it is believed the Supreme Court, to which the Government has appealed the case, will sustain the decision.

A NUMBER of prisoners were arraigned in the United States District Court, New Orleans, on January 31st, on charges of violating election laws and interfering with United States Supervisors in the discharge of their duties. Thirty other persons are yet to be arraigned.

B. F. JONES has been elected United States Senator in Louisiana, J. D. Walker in Arkansas, John J. Ingalls in Kansas, and R. L. T. Beale, a Member of Congress in Virginia. In Florida the Supreme Court has declared Mr. Bisbee (Rep.) elected to Congress, but Governor Drew refuses to give him a certificate.

THE excess of exports over imports of merchandise for the year 1878 amounted to \$304,542,571. For the year 1877, the excess was only \$140,056,112. A comparison of the exports and imports of gold and silver coin and bullion shows that for twelve months ending with December last, the excess of imports was \$1,974,173. For the previous twelve months the excess of exports was \$24,548,352.

THE contest over the New York Custom House appointments is not yet ended. On January 31st President Hayes sent to the Senate a communication from Secretary Sherman, reiterating the charges against General Arthur, the late Collector, and insisting that his removal was demanded by the public interests. The Senate, after hearing the document read, laid the whole matter over until February 3d. It is understood that Secretary Sherman's letter fails to furnish any evidence which really reflects, in the least degree, upon the official or private character of General Arthur.

Foreign.

THE German Reichstag will reassemble on February 12th.

SPAIN and China have signed a treaty regulating the coolie traffic.

THE Marquis of Hartington was installed Lord Rector of Edinburgh University on January 31st. His inaugural speech was an exhortation to adhere to liberal principles.

A DISPATCH from Rome says that a consistory is fixed for February 21st. The Pope will review his allocation and the pontifical policy of the year. He will also give a sketch of his schemes for the future.

RUSSIA, having protested against the delimitation of the frontier between Silesia and Mangalia, refuses to cede the line regulated by the commission, and Roumania has addressed a circular to the Powers on the subject.

LEADING Bulgarian deputies advocate a prolonged occupation of Bulgaria by Russian troops, and a majority of the foreign consuls at Sophia have united in a statement that it will be impossible for the Turkish troops to return to Roumelia.

ON account of the spread of the plague in Russia the Italian Government has ordered a stringent quarantine against vessels from the Black Sea, with a promise that if this measure proves insufficient, further precautionary steps will be taken.

PRUSSIA is said to be preparing a measure for the Diet, providing for the permanent retention of the Guelph fund by Prussia on the ground of its forfeiture; but eminent jurists say that the claims of the newly-married Duke of Cumberland cannot be legally set aside.

THE British Admiralty has directed the dockyard authorities to charge the United States only with the bare cost of labor and materials employed in the repairs of the *Constitution*. No dock dues or tonnage was charged. The captain of the *Constitution* has written, warmly thanking the Admiral-Superintendent at Portsmouth for the courtesy and kindness of all of the officials.

THE trial of the directors of the City of Glasgow Bank, on charges of fraud, theft and embezzlement, which was preferred against them, has resulted in the conviction of Lewis Potter, of the Glasgow shipping firm of Potter, Wilson & Co., and of Robert Sumner Stronach, the manager of the bank, of the offenses as charged. The other directors were found guilty of uttering false abstracts of balance sheets. The former were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and the latter to eight.

FROM 4,000 to 5,000 mill-operatives at Blackburn, England, are out of employment and destitute, and 7,000 miners are idle in the County of Durham, where the present distress has not been equalled since the great strike of 1844. The Miners' Union have notified the South Yorkshire and North Derbyshire coal-owners of their agreement to submit to arbitration. The engineers' and dock-men's strike began January 31st at Liverpool and Birkenhead, where over 2,000 went out. A general strike of the ironworkers, numbering 3,500, and brass founders, at Liverpool, began on February 1st. Two thousand boilermakers and shipbuilders are also considering the advisability of striking.

AN official report from Astrakhan dated January 30th states that no fresh case of the plague has occurred in Wetlinka, or in that neighborhood. It is stated that Professor Botkin, physician to the Czar, advises the burning of Wetlinka and the other villages where the epidemic has broken out, together with all the furniture in them, and the removal of the inhabitants to healthy places. In spite of the heavy expenses that such a scheme would involve, the Czar is said to be disposed to follow Professor Botkin's advice. A regiment of Russian light cavalry has been sent to strengthen the force on the line of the cordon marked out against the advance of the plague, and the Russian Minister of the Interior has offered liberal terms to medical men volunteering for sanitary service, and pensions to their families in case of their death.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 427.



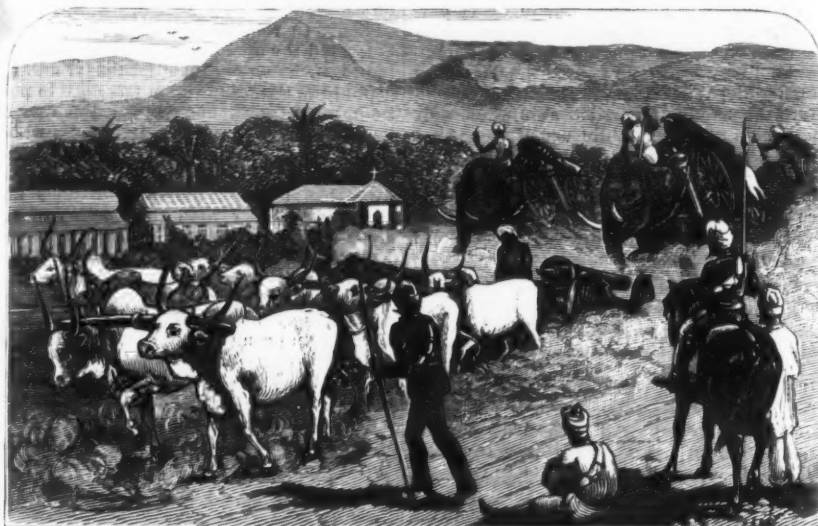
DENMARK.—WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND THE PRINCESS THYRA, AT COPENHAGEN.



DENMARK.—THE ROYAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE CHAPEL AFTER THE CEREMONY.



AFGHANISTAN.—FORT OF KAPIYANGA—ENTRANCE TO THE KHOORUM PASS.



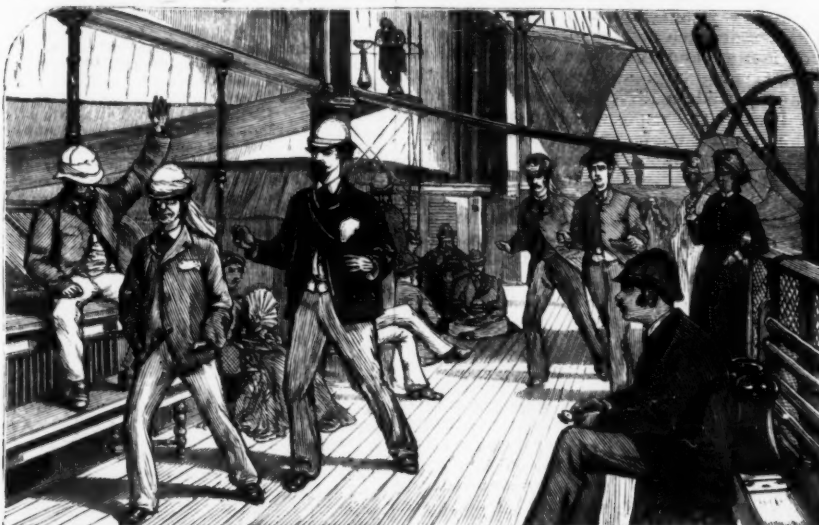
AFGHANISTAN.—GUNS CAPTURED AT ALI MUSJID ENTERING PESHAWUR.



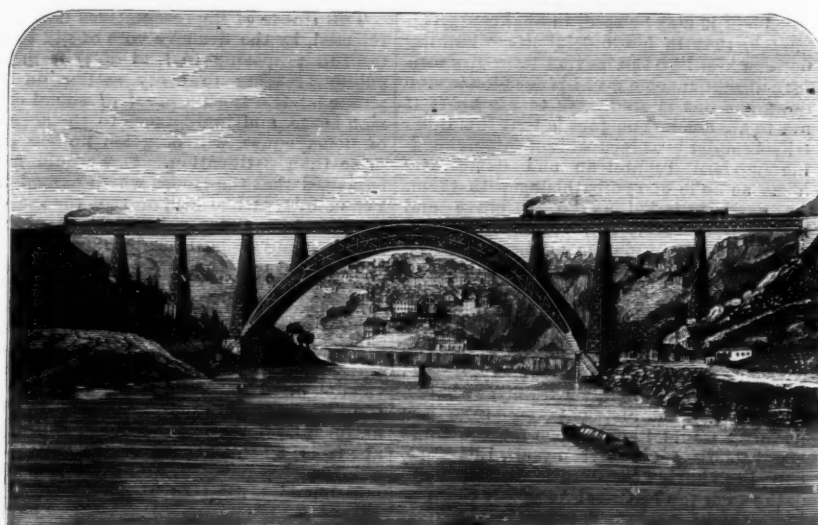
AUSTRIA.—VISIT OF A HERZEGOVINA DEPUTATION TO THE EMPEROR, AT BUDA.



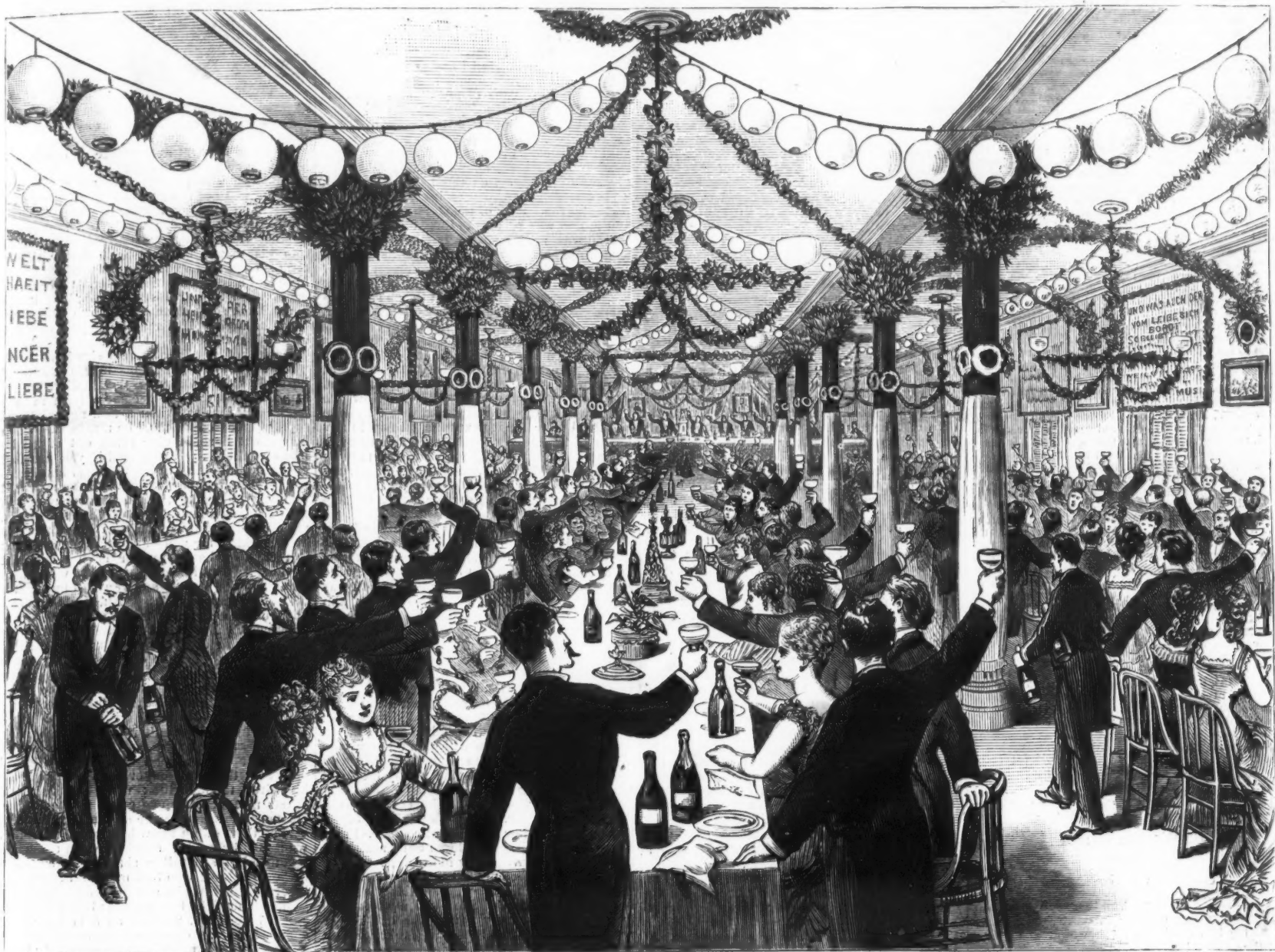
ENGLAND.—STARVING CHILDREN WAITING FOR SOUP AT THE VESTRY HALL, SHEFFIELD.



AFGHANISTAN.—PEDESTRIANISM ON AN INDIAN STEAMER CONVEYING BRITISH OFFICERS TO THE FRONT.



PORTUGAL.—NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE DOURO RIVER, AT PORTO.



NEW YORK CITY.—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL JUBILEE OF THE ARION SINGING SOCIETY, AT THE CLUB-HOUSE, ST. MARK'S PLACE, JANUARY 25TH.

TWENTY-FIFTH JUBILEE OF THE ARION SINGING SOCIETY.

THE members of the Arion Singing Society, with a goodly company of congenial friends, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the organization at the club-house, No. 13 St. Mark's Place, on Saturday evening, January 25th. The portico of the club-house was transformed into a perfect wilderness of ivy and vines, wreathing the columns, overrunning lamps and cornices, and finally festooning the whole front from story to story. Within the spacious hall on the second floor, where the revelers were marshaled, there were six window-curtains, on which were recounted the origin and progress of the Arion Society. On the first, at the left of the hall, stood a bearded old lady in a nightcap, with a baby in her arms. Such was the birth of Arion twenty-five years ago, and it was noticeable that the features of the old woman bore a curious resemblance to those of the first president of the society. The remaining pictures simply reported various stages of progress. In one, a huge cap, ornamented with sundry bells—the emblem of Arion—appeared descending, without hands, upon a diminutive figure of the old woman depicted upon the first curtain; and upon the last of the six appeared sundry winged heads of members of the society hovering about a huge tankard overflowing with foam. Lastly, at the left, a fool's tribune had been erected, with Arion (the German Neptune) above it riding upon a double-headed fish, preceded by a shield bearing the motto in German, "Honor to whom honor is due." The Prince Carnival himself, with his Prime Ministers, six on either hand, entered at five P. M., at the head of a procession, preceded by the master of ceremonies, bearing a fool's cap upon a walking-stick, and followed by the jester, who carried an old broom above his head as the emblem of the night. Three long tables extended from the throne to the rear of the hall. After the Prince reached his throne he called upon his guests to drink to the twenty-fifth anniversary jubilee, and with the assistance of a couple of his Prime Ministers, he lifted a huge stone-ware beaker, capable of containing a gallon of lager, to his lips and took a deep draught, and the whole 300 of his subjects did the same. During this ceremony there was a silence which was broken only by the screaming of the violin



M. JULES GRÉVY, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, JANUARY 30TH.

and the hoarse groans of the violoncello; and when, with an expression of supreme satisfaction, His Royal Highness deposited the beaker upon the desk before him, the faithful 300 clapped their hands and commenced to sing the jubilee celebrating the virtues of Mayerhofer, and Adams, the tenor, and Bergmann, and Damrosch, and other famous musicians. At the close of the uproarious singing the members and guests proceeded to the great banquet-hall, where the annual dinner was served, the courses being interspersed with toasts, songs, short speeches and rollicking stories.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

M. JULES GRÉVY, President of the French Assembly, was chosen President of the Republic in a Congress of the two Chambers, upon the resignation of Marshal MacMahon, January 30th, by a vote of 536 to 99 for General Chanzy. M. Grévy was born in 1813, in the department of the Jura, and went from college to Paris, where he studied for the Bar. He took part in the revolution of July, 1830, and was one of the combatants who captured the Babylone Barracks. He was admitted to the Paris Bar, and soon distinguished himself in defending political prisoners, and notably by the defense of his companions of Barbes, who were tried in 1839. In 1848 he acted as Commissary of the Provisional Government in the Jura, and gave general satisfaction by his prudent and conciliatory conduct. Owing to his great popularity, he was elected to the Constituent Assembly of 1848 by 65,000 votes, and was thus the first on the list of the eight representatives from the Department. In the Assembly, M. Grévy served on the Committee on Justice, and acted as Vice-President. He spoke frequently from the tribune, and was regarded as one of the ablest and most forcible of the orators of the Democratic Party. While he maintained an independent position between the Socialist and Mountain Parties, he usually voted with the ultra-Radicals. He became remarkable by an amendment which he proposed to the Constitution, giving the Executive power to a citizen, to be known as the President of the Council of Ministers, who was to be elected by the National Assembly for an unlimited term, but removable at pleasure. This amendment was rejected at the

sitting of October 7th, 1848, by 643 to 158 votes. After the election of Louis Napoleon, he continued in opposition to him, and disapproved of the Roman expedition.

M. Grévy was elected to the Legislative Assembly, where, without making common cause with the Mountain Party, he was one of the principal opponents of the Government. After the *coup d'état* he returned to the practice of his profession. In 1869 he returned to public life, and, as a Democratic opposition candidate, was elected to represent a district in the Jura in the Corps Legislatif by 22,000 out of the 32,000 votes cast. This was the first time that the Administration was so completely defeated in the country. This success was regarded as so decisive that the Government placed no official candidate against him at the next election, when he was re-elected by a great majority. In 1871 he was elected President of the Assembly. He was retained in that post by eight almost unanimous re-elections until April 2d, 1873, when he resigned in consequence of the impertinence of some of the Monarchists, and refused to recall his resignation, though re-elected by a considerable majority.

During the months of confused monarchical machinations which followed the election of Marshal MacMahon, M. Grévy gave his valuable aid and advice to the combined groups of the Left, and in October of that year published a celebrated pamphlet, "The Necessary Government," which concluded with the statement that "France can find safety only in the organization of the democracy." In November, 1873, he opposed the establishment of the "Septennate" in favor of Marshal MacMahon, and, refusing to recognize the constituent powers of the Assembly, abstained from voting upon the constitutional laws. When M. Buffet became Premier in place of the Duc de Broglie, March 9th, 1875, M. Grévy was recalled to his old post as President of the Assembly. He refused to be a candidate for a life seat or any other in the Senate, was re-elected to the Assembly in July, 1876, and October, 1877, and was maintained in the Presidential chair at each renewal of the legislative offices. From the death of M. Thiers (September 3d, 1877), he has been the person designated by the republican sentiment of France to fill the Executive office whenever it should next become vacant, and the fitness of this selection was long ago indorsed by M. Gambetta.

Personally, M. Grévy is a very attractive man, of a calm, dignified, pleasant manner and fine countenance. He has a high forehead, large, dark-gray eyes, a well-formed nose, and a chin giving token of firmness and courage. There is a peculiar neatness in his appearance, and a certain something about him which causes even older and very important people to instinctively range themselves behind him. He was evidently born to command, and takes, by a seemingly natural right, the front rank.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

ANOTHER interruption to my letter, caused by another change in the weather. The fog has vanished; the waiter is turning off the gas, and letting in the drab-colored daylight. I ask him if it is still raining. He smiles and rubs his hands, and says "It looks like clearing up soon, sir." This man's head is gray; he has been all his life a waiter in London—and he can still see the cheerful side of things. What native strength of mind cast away on a vocation that is unworthy of it!

Well—and now about the Farnaby dinner. I feel a tightness in the lower part of my waistcoat, Rufus, when I think of the dinner; there was such a quantity of it, and Mr. Farnaby was so tyrannically resolute in forcing his luxuries down the throats of his guests. His eye was on me if I let my plate go away before it was empty—his eye said, "I have paid for this magnificent dinner, and I mean to see you eat it." Our printed list of the dishes as they succeeded each other also informed us of the varieties of wine which it was imperatively necessary to drink with each dish. I got into difficulties early in the proceedings. The taste of sherry, for instance, is absolutely nauseous to me; and Rhine wine turns into vinegar ten minutes after it has passed my lips. I asked for the wine that I could drink, out of its turn. You should have seen Mr. Farnaby's face when I violated the rules of his dinner-table! It was the one amusing incident of the feast—the one thing that alleviated the dreary and mysterious spectacle of Mrs. Farnaby. There she sat, with her mind hundreds of miles away from everything that was going on about her, entangling the two guests, on her right hand and on her left, in a network of vacant questions, just as she had entangled me. I discovered that one of these gentlemen was a barrister and the other a ship-owner, by the answers which Mrs. Farnaby absently extracted from them on the subject of their respective vocations in life. And while she questioned incessantly, she eat incessantly. Her vigorous body insisted on being fed. She would have emptied her wine-glass, I suspect, as readily as she plied her knife and fork; but I discovered that a certain system of restraint was established in the matter of wine. At intervals Mr. Farnaby just looked at the butler, and the butler and his bottle, on those occasions, deliberately passed her by. Not the slightest visible change was produced in her by the eating and drinking; she was equal to any demands that any dinner could make on her. There was no flush in her face, no change in her spirits, when she rose in obedience to English custom, and retired to the drawing-room.

Left together over their wine, the men began to talk politics.

I listened, at the outset, expecting to get some information. Our readings in modern history at Tadmor had informed us of the dominant political position of the middle classes in England since the time of the first Reform Bill. Mr. Farnaby's guests represented the respectable mediocrity of social position, the professional and commercial average of the nation. They all talked glibly enough, I and an old gentleman who sat next to me being the only listeners. I had spent the morning lazily in the smoking-room of the

hotel, reading the day's newspapers. And what did I hear now, when the politicians set in for their discussion? I heard the leading articles of the day's newspapers translated into bald chat, and coolly addressed by one man to another, as if they were his own individual views on public affairs. This absurd imposture positively went the round of the table, received and respected by everybody with a stolid solemnity of make-believe which it was downright shameful to see. Not a man present said, "I saw that to-day in the *Times* or the *Telegraph*." Not a man present had an opinion of his own; or, if he had an opinion, ventured to express it; or, if he knew nothing of the subject, was honest enough to say so. One enormous sham, and everybody in a conspiracy to take it for the real thing—that is an accurate description of the state of political feeling among the representative men at Mr. Farnaby's dinner. I am not judging rashly by one example only; I have been taken to clubs and public festivals, only to hear over and over again what I heard in Mr. Farnaby's dining-room. Does it need any great foresight to see that such a state of things as this cannot last much longer in a country which has not done with reforming itself yet? The time is coming in England when the people who have opinions of their own will be heard, and when Parliament will be forced to open the door to them.

This is a nice outbreak of republican freedom! What does my long-suffering friend think of it—waiting all the time to be presented to Mrs. Farnaby's niece? Everything in its place, Rufus. The niece followed the politics at the time, and she shall follow them now.

You shall hear first what my next neighbor said of her, a quaint old fellow, a retired doctor, if I remember correctly. He seemed to be as weary of the second-hand newspaper talk as I was; he quite sparkled and cheered up when I introduced the subject of Miss Regina. Have I mentioned her name yet? If not, here it is for you in full—Miss Regina Mildmay.

"I call her the brown girl," said the old gentleman. "Brown hair, brown eyes, and a brown skin. No, not a brunette; not dark enough for that—a warm delicate brown; wait till you see it! Takes after her father, I should tell you. He was a fine-looking man in his time; foreign blood in his veins, by his mother's side. Miss Regina gets her queer name by being christened after his mother. Never mind her name; she's a charming person. Let's drink her health."

We drank her health. Remembering that he had called her "the brown girl," I said I supposed she was still quite young.

"Better than young," the doctor answered; "in the prime of life. I call her a girl, by habit. Wait till you see her!"

"Has she a good figure, sir?"

"Ha! you're like the Turks, are you? A nice-looking woman doesn't content you—you must have her well-made too. We can accommodate you, sir; we are slim and tall, with a swing of our hips, and we walk like a goddess. Wait and see how her head is put on her shoulders—I say no more. Proud? Not she! A simple, unaffected, kind-hearted creature. Always the same; I never saw her out of temper in my life; I never heard her speak ill of anybody. The man who gets her will be a man to be envied, I can tell you."

"Is she engaged to be married?"

"No. She has had plenty of offers; but she doesn't seem to care for anything of that sort—so far. Devotes herself to Mrs. Farnaby, and keeps up her school-friendships. A splendid creature, with the vital thermometer at temperate heat—a calm, meditative, equitable person. Pass me the olives. Only think! the man who discovered olives is unknown; no statue of him erected in any part of the civilized earth. I know few more remarkable instances of human ingratitude."

I risked a bold question—but not on the subject of olives. "Isn't Miss Regina's life rather a dull one in this house?"

The doctor cautiously lowered his voice. "It would be dull enough to some women. Regina's early life has been a hard one. Her mother was Mr. Ronald's eldest daughter. The old brute never forgave her for marrying against his wishes. Mrs. Ronald did all she could, secretly, to help the young wife in disgrace. But old Ronald had sole command of the money, and kept it to himself. From Regina's earliest childhood there was always distress at home. Her father harassed by creditors, trying one scheme after another and failing in all; her mother and herself half starved—with their very bed-clothes sometimes at the pawnbroker's. I attended them in their illnesses, and though they hid their wretchedness from everybody else (proud as Lucifer, both of them), they couldn't hide it from me. Fancy the change to this house! I don't say that living here in clover is enough for such a person as Regina; I only say it has its influence. She is one of those young women, sir, who delight in sacrificing themselves to others—she is devoted, for instance, to Mrs. Farnaby. I only hope Mrs. Farnaby is worthy of it! Not that it matters to Regina. What she does, she does out of her own sweetness of disposition. She brightens this household, I can tell you! Farnaby did a wise thing, in his own domestic interests, when he adopted her as his daughter. She thinks she can never be grateful enough to him—the good creature!—though she has repaid him a hundredfold. He'll find that out, one of these days, when a husband takes her away. Don't suppose that I want to disparage our host; he's an old friend of mine—but he's a little too apt to take the good things that fall to his lot as if they were nothing but a just recognition of his own merits. I have told him that to his face, often enough to have a right to say it of him when he doesn't hear me. Do you smoke? I wish they would drop their politics; and take to tobacco! I say, Farnaby, I want a cigar."

This broad hint produced an adjournment to the smoking-room, the doctor leading the way. I began to wonder how much longer my introduction to Miss Regina was to be delayed. It was not to come until I had seen a new side of my host's character, and had found myself promoted to a place of my own in Mr. Farnaby's estimation.

As we rose from table, one of the guests spoke to me of a visit that he had recently paid to the part of Buckinghamshire which I came from. "I was shown a remarkably picturesque old house, on the heath," he said. "They told me it had been inhabited for centuries by the family of the Goldenhearts. Are you in any way related to them?" I answered that I was very nearly related, having been born in the house—and there, as I supposed, the matter ended. Being the youngest man of the party, I waited, of course, until the rest of the gentlemen had passed out to the smoking-room. Mr. Farnaby and I were left together. To my astonishment, he put his arm cordially into mine, and led me out of the dining-room with the genial familiarity of an old friend!

"I'll give you such a cigar," he said, "as you can't buy for money in all London. You have enjoyed yourself, I hope? Now we know what wine you like, you won't have to ask the butler for it next time. Drop in any day, and take pot-luck with us." He came to a standstill in the hall; his brassy, rasping voice assumed a new tone—a sort of parody of respect. "Have you been to your family-place," he asked, "since your return to England?"

He had evidently heard the few words exchanged between his friend and myself. It seemed odd that he should take any interest in a place belonging to people who were strangers to him. However, his question was easily answered. I had only to inform him that my father had sold the house when he left England.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry to hear that!" he said. "Those old family-places ought to be kept up. The greatness of England, sir, strikes its roots in the old families of England. They may be rich, or they may be poor—that don't matter. An old family is an old family; it's sad to see their hearths and homes sold to wealthy manufacturers who don't know who their own grandfathers were. Would you allow me to ask, what is the family motto of the Goldenhearts?"

Shall I own the truth? The bottles circulated freely at Mr. Farnaby's table—I began to wonder whether he was quite sober. I said I was sorry to disappoint him; but I really did not know what my family motto was.

He was unaffectedly shocked. "I think I saw a ring on your finger," he said, as soon as he recovered himself. He lifted my left hand in his own cold fishy paw. The one ring I wear is of plain gold; it belonged to my father, and it has his initials inscribed on the signet.

"Good gracious, you haven't got your coat-of-arms on your seal!" cried Mr. Farnaby. "My dear sir, I am old enough to be your father, and I must take the freedom of remonstrating with you. Your coat-of-arms and your motto are no doubt at the Herald's office—why don't you apply for them? Shall I go there for you? I will do it with pleasure. You shouldn't be careless about these things—you shouldn't indeed."

I listened in speechless astonishment. Was he ironically expressing his contempt for old families? We got into the smoking-room at last, and my friend the doctor enlightened me privately in a corner. Every word Mr. Farnaby had said had been spoken in earnest. This man, who owes his rise from the lowest social position entirely to himself, who, judging by his own experience, has every reason to despise the poor pride of ancestry, actually feels a sincerely servile admiration for the accident of birth! "Oh, poor human nature!" as somebody says. How cordially I agree with Somebody!

We went up to the drawing-room, and I was introduced to "the brown girl" at last. What impression did she produce on me?

Do you know, Rufus, there is some perverse reluctance in me to go on with this inordinately long letter, just when I have arrived at the most interesting part of it. I can't account for my own state of mind; I only know that it is so. The difficulty of describing the young lady doesn't perplex me like the difficulty of describing Mrs. Farnaby. I can see her now as vividly as if she was present in the room. I even remember—and this is astonishing in a man—the dress that she wore. And yet I shrink from writing about her, as if there was something wrong in it. Do me a kindness, good friend, and let me send off all these sheets of paper, the idle work of an idle morning, just as they are. When I write next, I promise to be ashamed of my own capricious state of mind, and to paint the portrait of Miss Regina at full length.

In the meanwhile, don't run away with the idea that she has made a disagreeable impression upon me. Good heavens! it is far from that. You have had the old doctor's opinion of her. Very well; multiply his opinion by ten, and you have mine.

[NOTE: A strange indorsement appears on this letter, dated some months after the period at which it was received: "Ah, poor Amelia! He had better have gone back to Miss Mellicent, and put up with the little drawback of her age. What a bright, lovable fellow he was! Good-by to Goldenheart!"]

These lines are not signed. They are known, however, to be in the handwriting of Rufus Dingwell.]

CHAPTER VII.

I PARTICULARLY want you to come and lunch with us, dearest Cecilia, the day after to-morrow. Don't say to yourself, "The Farnabys' house is dull, and Regina is too slow for me," and don't think about the long drive

for the horses from your place to London. This letter has an interest of its own, my dear; I have got something new for you. What do you think of a young man who is clever and handsome and agreeable, and, wonder of wonders, utterly unlike any other young man you ever saw in your life? You are to meet him at luncheon; and you are to get used to his strange name beforehand. For which purpose I inclose his card.

He made his first appearance at our house at dinner yesterday evening.

When he was presented to me at the tea-table he was not to be put off with a bow; he insisted on shaking hands. "Where I have been," he explained, "we help a first introduction with a little cordiality." He looked into his teacup after he said that with the air of a man who could say something more, if he had a little encouragement. Of course I encouraged him. "I suppose shaking hands is much the same form in America that bowing is in England?" I said, as suggestively as I could.

He looked up directly, and shook his head. "We have too many forms in this country," he said. "The virtue of hospitality, for instance, seems to have become a form in England. In America, when a new acquaintance says, 'Come and see me,' he means it. When he says it here, in nine cases out of ten he looks unaffectedly astonished if you are fool enough to take him at his word. I hate insincerity, Miss Regina—and now I have returned to my own country, I find insincerity one of the established institutions of English Society. 'Can we do anything for you?' Ask them to do something for you—and you will see what it means. 'Thank you for such a pleasant evening!' Get into the carriage with them when they go home—and you will find that it means, 'What a bore!' 'Ah, Mr. So-and-so, allow me to congratulate you on your new appointment.' Mr. So-and-so passes out of hearing—and you discover what the congratulations mean. 'Corrupt old brute!' he has got the price of his vote at the last division." "Oh, Mr. Blank, what a charming book you have written!" Mr. Blank passes out of hearing—and you ask what his book is about. 'To tell you the truth, I haven't read it. Hush; he's received at Court; one must say these things.' The other day a friend took me to a grand dinner at the Lord Mayor's. I accompanied him first to his club; many distinguished guests met there before going to the dinner. Heavens! how they spoke of the Lord Mayor! One of them didn't know his name, and didn't want to know it; another wasn't certain whether he was a tallow-chandler or a button-maker; a third, who had met with him somewhere, described him as a d—d ass; a fourth said, 'Oh, don't be hard on him; he's only a vulgar old cockney, without an h in his whole composition.' A chorus of general agreement followed, as the dinner-hour approached. 'What a bore!' I whispered to my friend. 'Why do they go?' He answered, 'You see, one must do this sort of thing.' And when we got to the Mansion House, they did that sort of thing with a vengeance! When the speech-making set in, these very men who had been all expressing their profound contempt for the Lord Mayor behind his back, now flattered him to his face in such a shamelessly servile way, with such a meanly complete insensibility to their own baseness, that I did really and literally turn sick. I slipped out into the fresh air, and fumigated myself, after the company I had kept, with a cigar. No, no! it is useless to excuse these things (I could quote dozens of other instances that have come under my own observation), by saying that they are trifles. When trifles make themselves habits of yours or of mine, they become a part of your character or mine. We have an inevitably false and vicious system of society in England. If you want to trace one of the causes, look back to the little organized insincerities of English life."

Of course, you understand, Cecilia, that this was not all said at one burst, as I have written it here. Some of it came out in the way of answers to my inquiries, and some of it was spoken in the intervals of laughing, talking and tea-drinking. But I want to show you how very different this young man is from the young men whom we are in the habit of meeting, and so I huddle his talk together in one sample, as Papa Farnaby would call it.

My dear, he is decidedly handsome (I mean our delightful Amelia); his face has a bright, eager look, indescribably refreshing as a contrast to the stolid composure of the ordinary young Englishman. His smile is charming; he moves as gracefully—with a little self-consciousness—as my Italian grayhound. He has been brought up among the strangest people in America, and (would you believe it?) he is actually a Socialist. Don't be alarmed. He shocked us all dreadfully by declaring that his socialism was entirely learnt out of the New Testament. I have looked at the New Testament since he mentioned some of his principles to me, and, do you know, I declare it is true!

Oh, I forgot—the young Socialist plays and sings! When we asked him to go to the piano, he got up and began directly. "I don't do it well enough," he said, "to want a great deal of pressing." He sang old English songs with great taste and sweetness. One of the gentlemen of our party, evidently disliking him, spoke rather rudely, I thought. "A Socialist who sings and plays," he said, "is a harmless Socialist, indeed. I begin to feel that my balance is safe at my banker's, and that London won't be set on fire with petroleum this time." He got his answer, I can tell you. "Why should we set London on fire? London takes a regular percentage of your income from you, sir, whether you like it or not, on sound Socialist principles. You are the man who has got the money, and Socialism says: 'You must and shall help the man who has got none. That is exactly what your own Poor Law says to you, every time the collector leaves the paper at your house.' Wasn't it clever?"

and it was doubly severe, because it was good-humoredly said.

Between ourselves, Cecilia, I think he is struck with me. When I walked about the room, his bright eyes followed me everywhere. And when I took a chair by somebody else, not feeling it quite right to keep him all to myself, he invariably contrived to find a seat on the other side of me. His voice, too, had a certain tone, addressed to me, and to no other person in the room. Judge for yourself when you come here; but don't jump to conclusions, if you please. Oh, no—I am not going to fall in love with him! It isn't in me to fall in love with anybody! Do you remember what the last man whom I refused said of me? "She has a machine on the left side of her that pumps blood through her body, but she has no heart." I pity the woman who marries that man!

One thing more, my dear. This curious Amelius seems to notice trifles which escape men in general, just as we do. Towards the close of the evening, poor Mamma Farnaby fell into one of her vacant states, half-asleep and half-awake on the sofa in the back drawing-room. "Your aunt interests me," he whispered. "She must have suffered some terrible sorrow, at some past time of her life." Fancy a man seeing that! He dropped some hints, which showed that he was puzzling his brains to discover how I got on with her, and whether I was in her confidence or not; he even went the length of asking what sort of life I led with the uncle and aunt who had adopted me. My dear, it was done so delicately, with such irresistible sympathy and such a charming air of respect, that I was quite startled when I remembered in the wakeful hours of the night, how freely I had spoken to him. Not that I have betrayed any secrets, for, as you know, I am as ignorant as everybody else of what the early troubles of my poor dear aunt may have been. But I did tell him how I came into the house a helpless little orphan girl, and how generously these two good relatives adopted me, and how happy it made me to find that I could really do something to cheer their sad, childless lives. "I wish I was half as good as you are," he said. "I can't understand how you became fond of Mrs. Farnaby. Perhaps it began in sympathy and compassion?" Just think of that from a young Englishman! He went on confessing his perplexities, as if we had known one another from childhood. "I am a little surprised to see Mrs. Farnaby present at parties of this sort; I should have thought she would have staid in her own room." "That's just what she objects to do," I answered; "she says people will report that her husband is ashamed of her, or that she is not fit to be seen in society, if she doesn't appear at the parties, and she is determined not to be misrepresented in that way." Can you understand my talking to him with so little reserve? It is a specimen, Cecilia, of the odd manner in which my impulses carry me away in this man's company. He is so nice and gentle, and yet so manly. I shall be curious to see if you can resist him, with your superior firmness and knowledge of the world.

But the strangest incident of all I have not told you yet—feeling some hesitation about the best way of describing it, so as to interest you in what has deeply interested me. I must tell it as plainly as I can, and leave it to speak for itself.

Who do you think has invited Amelius Goldenheart to luncheon? Not Papa Farnaby, who only invites him to dinner. Not I, it is needless to say. Who is it, then? Mamma Farnaby, herself! He has actually so interested her that she has been thinking of him and dreaming of him in his absence!

I heard her last night, poor thing, talking and grinding her teeth in her sleep; and I went into her room to try if I could quiet her, in the usual way, by putting my cool hand on her forehead and pressing it gently. (The old doctor says it's magnetism, which is ridiculous.) Well, it didn't succeed this time; she went on muttering and making that dreadful sound with her teeth. Occasionally a word was spoken clearly enough to be intelligible. I could make no connected sense of what I heard; but I could positively discover this—that she was dreaming of our guest from America!

I said nothing about it, of course, when I went up-stairs with her cup of tea this morning. What do you think was the first thing she asked for? Pen, ink and paper. Her next request was that I would write Mr. Goldenheart's address on an envelope. "Are you going to write to him?" I asked. "Yes," she said. "I want to speak to him, while John is out of the way at business." "Secrets?" I said, turning it off with a laugh. She answered, speaking gravely and earnestly, "Yes; secrets." The letter was written, and sent to his hotel, inviting him to lunch with us on the first day when he was disengaged. He has replied, appointing the day after tomorrow. By way of trying to penetrate the mystery, I inquired if she wished me to appear at the luncheon. She considered with herself, before she answered that. "I want him to be amused, and put in a good humor," she said, "before I speak to him. You must lunch with us—and ask Cecilia." She stopped, and considered once more. "Mind one thing," she went on. "Your uncle is to know nothing about it. If you tell him, I will never speak to you again."

Is this not extraordinary? Whatever her dream may have been, it has evidently produced a strong impression on her. I firmly believe she means to take him away with her to her own room when the luncheon is over. Dearest Cecilia, you must help me to stop this! I have never been trusted with her secrets; they may, for all I know, be innocent secrets enough, poor soul. But it is surely in the highest degree undesirable that she should take into her confidence a young

man who is only an acquaintance of ours; she will either make herself ridiculous, or do something worse. If Mr. Farnaby finds it out, I really tremble for what may happen.

For the sake of old friendship, don't leave me to face this difficulty by myself. A line, only one line, dearest, to say that you will not fail me.

(To be continued.)

RECEPTION OF MORTON COMMANDERY OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR,

AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, JANUARY 29TH.

THE "ball season," as it is styled, is at its height in New York, and the latest and greatest "crush" of the season occurred at Gilmore's Garden on the night of Wednesday, January 29th. The occasion was the ball and reception given by Morton Commandery, No. 4, of Knights Templar. There are few, if any, of the commanderies in the United States which can show a longer period of deserved prosperity than Morton Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templar. This has a historical record. Its original charter, granted over half a century ago (1823), was signed by De Witt Clinton, the eminent statesman, who was himself a Knight Templar, and in 1873 the Commandery celebrated in the Academy of Music its semi-centennial. It was originally called Morton Encampment, and in its second year was visited by the illustrious Lafayette, and his son, who were "knighted" under its auspices. An account of this interesting ceremony is to be found in Harcourt's "Annual Masonic Calendar," published in New York in the year 1824. Among those who participated were many who afterwards became well and widely known in political and social circles. Among these gentlemen and knights were William P. Platt, E. C.; Mr. Richard Russell, Generalissimo; Jared L. Moore, Captain-General; W. E. Ross, Prelate; and T. C. Bowles, S. W.; Peter Brewer, J. W.; S. Chapman, Recorder; D. N. Schmidt, Treasurer; G. Blanchard, Warder; John Coats, Sword Bearer; H. Paddisford, Standard Bearer; John Gastner, Herald; John Nile, Sentinel.

The career of Morton Commandery has been a long series of social triumphs, but probably the greatest ever achieved even by this organization was that of last Wednesday evening. It resulted in one of the greatest balls, in point of numbers, ever given in the metropolis. Immense as is Gilmore's Garden, the largest inclosed structure on the continent, there was only "standing room" in it for a while—and not much of that. At the lowest calculation, there must have been 14,000 people present, and by many the figures are placed at 17,000 or 18,000. "All the world" was there, and his wife and his wife's sister. The ladies attended in evening or ball toilet, and the *tout ensemble* of the spectacle presented was really grand.

The Knights Templar in their uniform, the officers and privates of the Seventh, Ninth, Seventy-first, Twenty-second, Twelfth, and other city regiments, the military guests, the ladies in ball costume in the boxes, and in full evening and walking-dress upon the floor—all these constituted a scene unsurpassed in the annals of New York.

Not the least notable item, *apropos* of the occasion, was the rapidity and completeness with which the Garden—which the night before had been a skating-rink—was transformed into a ballroom, as if by magic. The building was artistically decorated, and literally blazed with light. From the ceilings hung streamers of tricolored bunting, while the pillars were ornamented with the silver flags of the order of Knights of the Red Cross and the banners of the Order of Templars. The boxes were draped with tricolored bunting, and here, there and everywhere were banners, emblems and insignia.

A low, crimson-covered partition, or seat, surrounded the ballroom-floor, and separated it from the aisles. The circuit of this partition afforded a delightful promenade—when a promenade was possible. The music, furnished by Gilmore's Band, was stationed in front of the cascade, which was "masked." The doors were opened promptly at nine o'clock, at which hour over two thousand persons were in waiting, extending in line for several blocks.

About half-past ten o'clock the grand *entrée* took place, the Eminent Commander, Sir William F. Costenbader, leading the processional promenade, assisted by the floor committee. This opening procession extended around the entire area of the Garden in double lines, after which the ball commenced in earnest, 160 sets being formed for the opening "Lancers." Every box was sold, and every seat was occupied. The members of the Commandery were in full uniform, and were notable among the assembled thousands.

The full Board of Managers were: Eminent Sir Jere S. Baker, Chairman; Sir Wm. Delamater, Secretary; Sirs J. D. Hadley and Haywood Prince, Trustees; Eminent Sir Oliver G. Brady, Captain-General; Sirs James A. Jewell, Charles T. White, William Clyde, J. H. Weilbrock, Robert H. Trafford, Theophilus Pratt, J. D. Kimmy, Wm. H. Hawks, George T. Edwards, Jos. C. Pinckney, William L. Gardner, Robert Vandervoort. The Reception Committee was composed of Eminent Sirs W. C. Marvin, Adon Smith, George H. Chase, Thomas C. Cassidy, George Smith. Sir John Scott, the Generalissimo of the Commandery, was a leading spirit of the festive occasion, supported by Em. Sir Oliver G. Brady, Captain-General; and the trustees, Em. Sirs Jere S. Baker, John D. Hadley and Haywood Prince, proved zealous officials.

Among the prominent persons present were P. E. Commanders A. G. Goodall and George Smith, of Morton Commandery; E. C. George W. Skellon; H. H. Brockway, Generalissimo; J. B. Rand, Captain-General; J. A. Rich, Recorder, and many Knights of Palestine Commandery, No. 18; E. C. William Henry White, of Clinton, No. 14; E. C. Alonzo Bryner, of St. Elmo, and delegations from all the other commanderies in the city. Delegations were also present from New Jersey, represented by M. M. Brohan, Grand Commander of the State, and staff, and Sir Knight J. N. Talmage, of Hugh de Payne Commandery, No. 1; from Massachusetts, represented by Sir Knights H. M. Coney, H. W. Eddy, T. E. Drake, A. C. Russell and others; from Pennsylvania, represented by P. E. C. C. E. Meyer; Grand Recorder, P. E. Commander J. L. Young and D. Sutter, and six Knights, John Borden, Charles W. Packer, George M. Watson, C. A. Matthews, Jr., G. Conrade and others of St. Mary's Commandery, No. 36; P. E. Commander Philip Crawford, of Philadelphia Commandery, No. 2; from Virginia, by Grand Commander James Bain and staff, with a delegation from Portsmouth and Grice Commandery. There were also present Past Master James, Past Master J. W. Simonton, D. E. Sickles, thirty-third degree; R. McCoy, P. G. M. of New York, D. G. M. Roome,

D. D. G. M. A. Yoemans, and P. C. George F. Smith. Adolphus Andreas, who was knighted in Morton Commandery along with Lafayette, was also present.

There were at least 7,000 ladies in the Garden, many of whom wore toilets displaying alike wealth and taste.

"Home, Sweet Home," was rendered at 4:30 A. M., and the world went home satisfied with itself and with Morton Commandery, No. 4. The receipts of the ball were sufficient to meet all expenses, and any surplus which may remain will be applied to the charitable fund of the Commandery.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Royal Marriage in Denmark.

The Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Thyra of Denmark were married with great pomp in the Chapel of Christiansborg Castle, in the suburbs of Copenhagen, on the evening of Saturday, December 21st. The bride is the youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Denmark, and a sister of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece, and the bridegroom is Prince Ernest August, Duke of Cumberland, head of the Guelph dynasty and prospective Duke of Brunswick; the former is twenty-five years old and the latter thirty-three. The fortune of the duke is to a considerable extent held by the Prussian Government in addition to the estates it has confiscated which belonged to the duke's father, the late ex-King George of Hanover. The Government demands as a condition for releasing the property the renunciation by the Duke of all claim and title to the disrupted kingdom of Hanover, which he will not make. Political considerations, however, may present a means of solving the difficulty on a mutually advantageous basis. The newly married couple expect to make their principal abode in England.

Reception by the Emperor of Austria of a Delegation of Herzegovinians.

A deputation of Herzegovinian notables, sent to pay homage to Francis Joseph, set out from Dalmatia by sea for Trieste, and proceeded thence to Vienna by rail. As the Emperor had been called away to Buda, they followed. The delegation included a bey, or Mohammedan, landed proprietor; a Greek bishop and archimandrite, a Franciscan friar, a Catholic bishop, Christian and Moslem proprietors, merchants and public functionaries. The day appointed for the reception at Buda was November 14th. The real head was the actual chief of police of Mostar, formerly Civic Captain or Prefect of Zagabria. The Emperor received the deputation in the castle punctually. The spokesman was an effendi, while a Greek priest and a Catholic priest presented Francis Joseph an address, bound in vellum and gold. The Emperor said, among other things, that all the religious of the country, their customs and well-established rights, should be protected by him, and urged them, upon their return, to tell their fellow countrymen that the Emperor sincerely desires their happiness, and is a man of his word. The deputies welcomed these words with hearty shouts.

The Distress at Sheffield.

The deplorable condition of the working classes in the manufacturing districts of the West Riding and South Yorkshire, North and South Lancashire, and South Wales, from the depression of the iron, cutlery and cotton industries, still appeals to public sympathy. It is most severely felt in Sheffield; and we present an illustration of the scene there witnessed on the day appointed for giving away soup to the distressed people, when crowds of children, with jugs and basins in their hands, beset the doors of the Vestry Hall at Brightside, to receive the allotted portion. The Duke of Norfolk, who is the owner of large property in the town, and lord of the manor, has visited Sheffield for the purpose of rendering assistance to the local committee. On January 4th the Mayor of Sheffield gave a free breakfast in the Cutlers' Hall to 1,000 men, women and children. These for the most part were persons in the deepest poverty, and had received tickets for the breakfast from the various relief committees.

New Bridge over the Douro at Porto, Portugal.

This bridge, which has now been in use about a year, is said to have the longest single span in the world. The length of the one in the St. Louis bridge is 354 feet, and that of the more famous Britannia Bridge is only 320 feet. This central arch is one piece and 480 feet in span, the entire bridge being 750 feet long, and 485 feet above low water. In its construction 1,450 tons of wrought iron were used, 750 in the arch and 700 in the pillars, trestle-work, etc.

The Afghan War.

Peshawar was greatly excited on the morning of the 5th of December, when the twenty-four guns of Shere Ali, which were captured at the fall of Ali Musjid, entered the cantonment. The sight was a very grand one; these trophies of war being drawn along in solemn procession from the Jumrood entrance of Peshawar to their destination in the arsenal of the Peshawar fort. Each of the large guns was drawn by six of the large oxen that are employed in the heavy siege train battery belonging to Peshawar, and the smaller guns and howitzers, with their carriages, were borne on the backs of six large elephants of Major Wilson's elephant battery. Most of these guns, which were of brass, had a beautiful finish, and were all made at the Amers' foundry in Cabul, excepting one, which had been given to the Amers by the English, and had an English inscription on it. However pleasant the society may be, life on board an ocean steamer after the first week becomes somewhat monotonous. The sea air excites the appetite, which a Peninsula and Oriental steamer is not slow in appeasing with the many excellent meals her stewards prepare for her passengers. This necessitates plenty of exercise on the part of the voyager, or superfluous weight is the result. To prevent this great evil, on a recent voyage to India with a large number of officers going to the front, the military section on board organized a series of walking matches, open to all comers, to prepare them, and to store up muscle for the fatigues of the forthcoming march on Cabul. The chief figure in our sketch, in the dark coat, we may add, is Lord Francis Conyngham. The small frontier town of Thull, with the Afghan fort of Kapiyanga on the opposite bank of the Koorum River, is the subject of the third of our sketches. At three o'clock on the morning of November 20th last, the river was crossed by a squadron of the Tenth Hussars, under Major Berkeley, who took up their position in the valley at some distance behind the fort, so as to cut off the retreat of its garrison. At the same time Major Channer, V. C., left camp with two companies of the Twentieth Punjab Infantry, by a circuitous route through the hills, came down a mile above the bridge, forded the stream, and took up a position to command the fort on the south side. The daylight revealed the Hussars and Punjabees in the position assigned to them. Orders were instantly given for the troops assembled below to advance. The native infantry regiments, led by Colonel Gordon, of the Twentieth, threw down the barricade of bushes and dashed quickly across the bridge; while the Twelfth Bengal Cavalry, under Colonel Gough, V. C., and No. 1 Mountain Battery, Captain Kelso, crossed the ford beside it. The infantry proceeded rapidly towards Kapiyanga in skirmishing order. The fort was silent, and not a flash of a rifle came from its walls. The gates

were closed; but these were speedily burst open, and the troops rushed into it, only to find it empty. The garrison must have fled but a short time previously. Probably, in spite of the silence preserved, the movements of the distant columns had been heard by a scout, and hasty flight had at once taken place. The fires were still alight, and half-cooked food was lying on the ground near them.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE were 177 strikes in England last year, as against 181 in 1877.

—THE new Greenback Treasurer of Maine has the presidents of three national banks among his bondsmen.

—AN \$8,000 tabernacle, to accommodate 4,000 people, is to be built by the Camp Meeting Association at Martha's Vineyard.

—THE Indian Government has issued an official list of the names of places and of words in common use, with the official spelling.

—BOTH Houses of the Legislature of Colorado have passed a Bill providing penalties for the delacement of natural scenery by advertisements.

—AN attempt is being made to reopen the edifying Bagot will case at Dublin, the opponents of the widow denouncing the original trial as a miscarriage of justice.

—THE Pope has sold the sole remaining ship of his navy, the *Jamaic Conception*, stationed at Foulon. The admiral and two captains who were aboard are superannuated.

—IN Frankfurt-on-the-Main, on Saturday evening, the daughters and wives of the pawnbrokers in the Ghetto drove to the promenade covered with the jewels left in pawn with their fathers and husbands.

—THE Cincinnati Musical Festival Association announce that they will give a prize of \$1,000 for an original composition for orchestra and chorus, to be performed in the festival of next year. The competition is limited to native Americans.

—LAST September a census was taken of the Japanese Islands. The total population of the empire was 34,338,404. Of these, 1,036,771 dwell in Yeddo, or, as the inhabitants name it, Tokio, in 236,961 houses, being about 4.37 occupants for each house.

—FIFTY-THREE per cent of the population of France are engaged in agriculture, twenty-six per cent in manufacturing and other industries, fourteen per cent in trade, and four per cent in the liberal professions, the remainder being returned as of no occupation.

—A SOLAR telegraph is used in communicating with the Faulkner's Island Lighthouse, off Guilford, combinations of quick and long flashes forming words and conveying messages. The keepers of the light are sometimes shut off from the shore for months during the winter.

—THE Geographical Society of Paris has taken the initiatory steps towards forming an emigration society, which will give information to those desiring to emigrate regarding all sections of the civilized world. It will describe the advantages and disadvantages of emigration in detail.

—THE Spanish Government has ordered a man-of-war to be dispatched to Puerto Plata, San Domingo, to demand reparation for the insult offered to the Spanish flag by authorities of San Domingo in seizing two insurgent generals who had taken refuge on board a Spanish steamer and shooting them.

—THE American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., has received a copy of the celebrated Caxton Memorial Bible, which was printed, bound and lettered in twelve hours at the Oxford University press, on the occasion of the opening of the Caxton celebration, an event of much note last year. Only one hundred were printed.

—NINE-TENTHS of the thousand million dollars which France borrowed of English bankers in order to pay Germany is now held in the shape of national bonds by Frenchmen at home. As fast as the foreigners would sell, the bonds were bought up on the Paris market, and thus, though France still owes that vast sum, she owes it in bulk only to her own people.

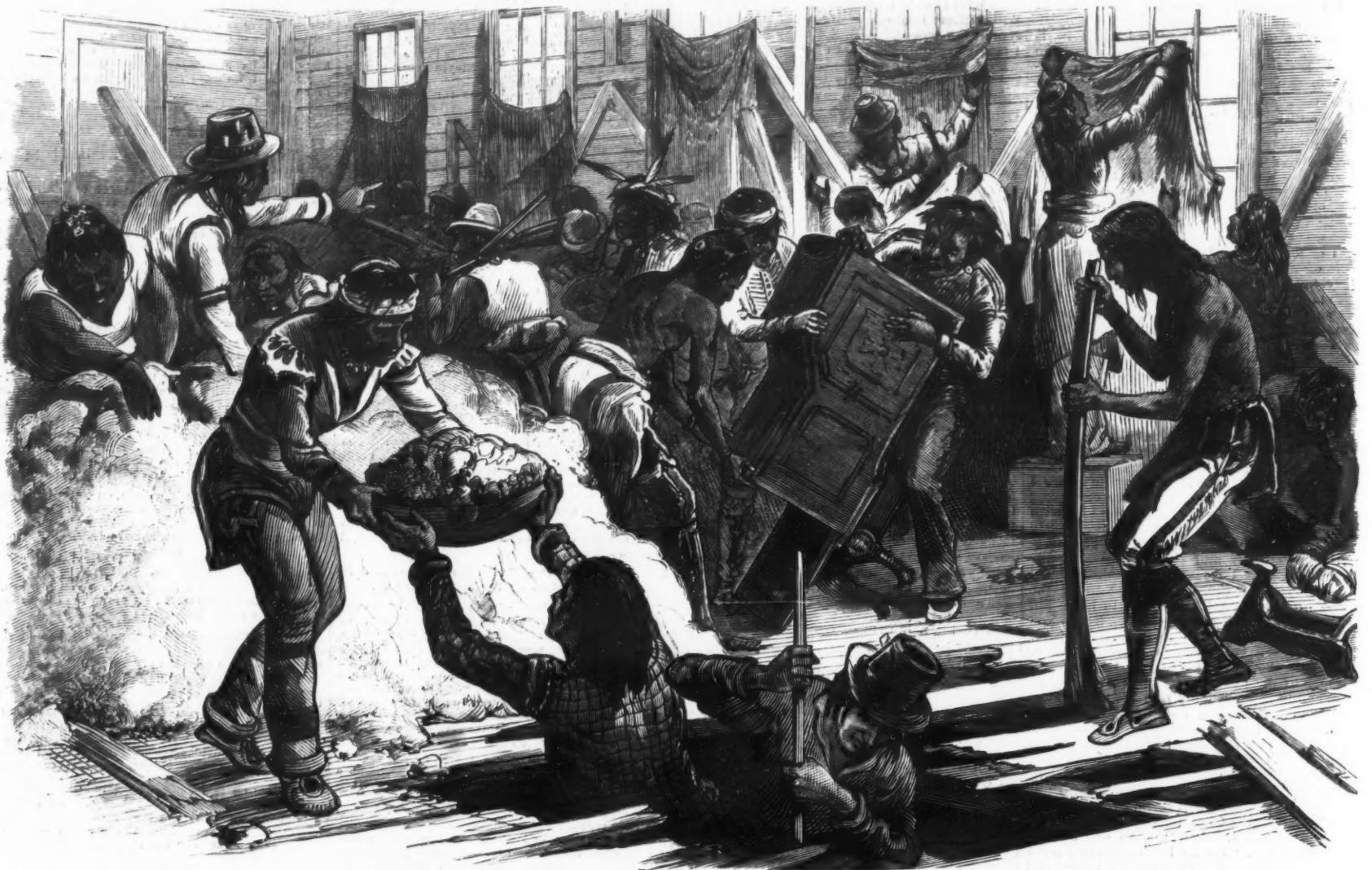
—DR. EDWARD HITCHCOCK assures the American Antiquarian Society that the proportion of college-educated men in Massachusetts is decreasing. In 1800-1804 there were in the colleges of the State 86 undergraduates to every 100,000 inhabitants, while in 1876 there were 55 only. The decrease is attributed to the increased number of foreign-born persons who are making Massachusetts their home.

—THE consumption of beer in the whole German Empire last year was 841,058,768 gallons, or nearly twenty gallons per month of population. The importations amounted to 3,333,814 gallons and the exports to 19,098,266 gallons. Bavaria leads, for, though the rate of consumption is not given, so great is the production—53½ gallons per head—and after making due deductions for the exportation, a greater than average quantity is left for home consumption.

—WOMEN are admitted this year for the first time to all the examinations and degrees of the University of London, without exception, on precisely the same terms as men. At the Winter matriculation, recently, there were nearly 600 graduates altogether, and eleven of these were young ladies. One lady presented herself at the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. These are the first twelve ladies who have been admitted to the regular examinations of any English university.

—THE increasing production of ostrich-feathers on the South American farms, combined with a falling off in the demand at home, has led to a decline in the market rates for this produce at the colonial sales. Feathers of superior quality, however, fetch high prices. At a recent sale at Grahamstown, thirteen splendid "primes," or perfect white feathers, realized a guinea each, or at the rate of \$725 per pound. The average price for fine white feathers was \$200 per pound, while blacks realized about seventy dollars, and drab or fancy colors only twenty dollars per pound.

—THE Commune of Samnaune, one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the least known, in all Switzerland, is situated in a mountain valley, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and almost cut off from the world. The inhabitants fetch their daily supply of provisions from Martinsbruck, on the other side of the Inn, and for the greater part of the distance, seven hours in all, they have to carry everything on their backs up the steep mountain paths. They get their letters from the Austrian village of Rauders, which involves a walk for the postman of ten hours, four thither and six back. Fifty years ago the members of the commune met together, and, being of opinion that German was on the whole a more desirable language for the ordinary purposes of life than their mother tongue, they resolved thenceforth to speak German only, and to teach it to their children. So thoroughly has this purpose been carried out that, with the exception of a few old people, the Romanisch speech, their native tongue, has been completely forgotten by the inhabitants of the valley.



THE IMPRISONED CHEYENNES FORTIFYING THEIR TEMPORARY QUARTERS AT FORT ROBINSON.

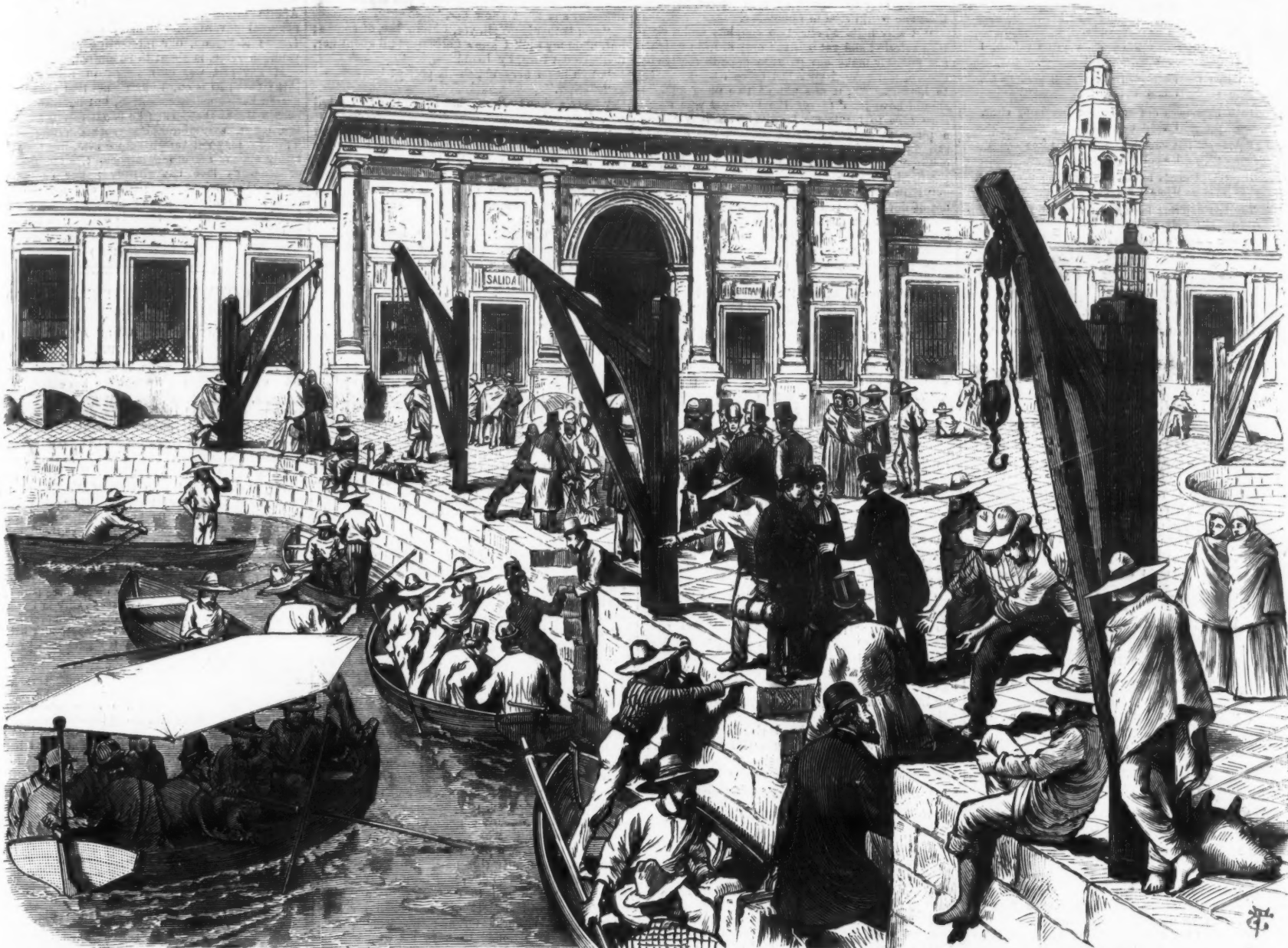


FLIGHT OF THE CHEYENNES FROM THEIR PRISON QUARTERS.



THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN CAPTAIN WESSELLS'S COMMAND AND THE INDIANS—LIEUTENANT CHASE RESCUING CAPTAIN WESSELLS.

NEBRASKA.—THE ESCAPE OF THE CHEYENNE INDIANS FROM THE PRISON AT FORT ROBINSON—INCIDENTS OF THEIR PURSUIT AND MASSACRE BY U.S. TROOPS.
FROM SKETCHES BY ALFRED BROOKS.—SEE PAGE 434.



LANDING OF THE EXCURSIONISTS AT THE MOLE AT VERA CRUZ, JANUARY 13TH.



RECEPTION AND DINNER TO THE EXCURSIONISTS BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB OF VERA CRUZ.

THE EXTENSION OF AMERICAN TRADE.—VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 430.

DISSONANCES.

FIRST VOICE.

HOW bitter that when a few years vanish, I
Shall surely die!
All that the unfinished world shall grandly be,
I may not see!
Rich harmonies out of discord streaming clear,
I shall not hear!
Equality's last superb triumphant throes
I shall not know!
Miraculous deeds by science shall be wrought
When I am naught!
The last expiring hope's last rancorous bias
My soul shall miss!
Love's golden universality august
Shall find me dust!
Oh agony, that when these few years are fled,
I shall be dead!

SECOND VOICE.

How bitter that death, when I so long to die,
Should pass me by!
Life on my heart like a great fetter weighs,
Whose links are days!
Equality! Shout it to the starving mobs
That luxury robs!
The glory of science? Do we praise, indeed,
Blind men for speed?
When all believe he has perished, crafty Hate
Will hibernate!
Love's ultimate reign? Salute her, loyal sons,
With needle-guns!
I too have thrilled, while shadowing mist was drawn
From bourns of dawn!
I too have talked with the stars, entranced, inspired,
To-night I am tired.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A SECRET MARRIAGE

AND

ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES,"
"WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK FOURTH.

LADY ROLLINGFORD'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.—A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER WORLD.

MADAME DE FLEURVILLE is a very well-known Parisian actress; well-known—not that she is by any means a famous actress, for even her warmest admirers are bound to confess that her acting is at its best but indifferent enough; it is by her beauty, *chic*, and talents as a *femme du monde* that she has become a woman of almost European celebrity.

Whence she originally came no one knows, and most likely no one will ever know, but by her exquisite grace and *savoir faire* she has actually become one of those all-powerful *lionnes* by whom men swear in public, and at whom their wives swear in private.

With men—those brave, jolly good fellows of the Jockey Club and the Cercle des Joueurs, who live for pleasure, and with whom life means pleasure—she is a goddess, at whose altar they offer their daily incense; for she is a woman whose wit never wearies, whose speech, though at times a trifle *décolleté*, is never vulgar or coarse, and whose soft, melodious voice charms like the sound of a streamlet running through a tropical forest.

At the moment when I first present Madame de Fleurville to my readers she is holding her court, reclining on a Louis XV. sofa of pale-blue satin, in a charming little boudoir à la Pompadour. She has just returned from the theatre, where she has achieved a great success in the new piece in which she has appeared this evening for the first time.

Though tired and weary after the fatigues of the evening, she has taken off her dress; her hair is still dressed as if she were to appear once more upon the stage, and large diamond stars and strings of pearls and rubies sparkle amidst her golden tresses. Around her neck also shine diamonds and pearls of priceless value; but her skin is whiter far than the pearls that rest upon it, and her soft, voluptuous lips are redder than the rubies that sparkle on her brow.

But, strange to say, though her skin is of the fairest, and her hair is brighter than burnished gold, her eyes, which are by far the most conspicuous feature in her face, are of the deepest black, and shine with a lustrous quite Oriental.

I have said that Madame de Fleurville is holding her court. Now let us see who are the courtiers grouped around her couch, and who seem to have no eyes and no thoughts but for her. They are mostly young, handsome, and noble—the very *jeunesse dorée* of Paris—ay, and some of its gilded *moyen âge* also; for near her we notice more than one millionaire, who court her for fashion's sake, and one or two diplomatists who pay her constant attentions to further their political schemes, for Madame de Fleurville and her set form a power, nowadays, by no means to be despised. Yes, in the good old days of paint and powder the mistress of the royal Louis ruled the world, but now *nous avons changé tout cela*.

The conversation, as might be expected amongst rivals, and between men who have come to seek amusement, and by no means with the intention of rendering themselves agreeable and entertaining, is rather broken and disconnected, yet is carried on in a light, careless strain, and, as may be easily imagined, the topic is the new play, at the first representation of which they have all assisted this evening.

"How beautifully you sang that pathetic little romance in the second act!" says the Comte de la Mazerolle, who is said to have been her constant admirer, and to have acted as her banker on and off for the last ten years—for Madame de Fleurville is by no means a new beauty, but has reigned

supreme over the hearts of men longer, perhaps, than she would care to remember.

"A silly little *bluette*, two couplets and a clap-trap refrain; and yet it is the only song in which I can possibly make any point or hope to receive an encore, while Angélique has three long songs all to herself. Ah, it was not so two years ago. I should have liked to see the manager who would dare then to insult me by giving the best part of a piece to another. But what can one expect," she adds, turning her large, dark eyes upon the count, "when even La Mazerolle is beginning to get tired of me?"

"How can you say that, Zoé, my queen? Am I not as devoted to you now as I was when you made your *début* upon our stage?" he replies, rising and taking her jeweled hand in his. "You have heard about our young friend Cassilis?" the count adds presently, anxious to please the reigning beauty.

"And what about him?" Madame de Fleurville asks, a look of eager curiosity beaming in her bright eyes. "I trust nothing has happened to him; I like that boy, and, *dame*, I should be really sorry if any harm were to befall him."

"Well, a great harm is about to befall him—he is going to be married."

"Married! *tiens!* Going to be married! and you call that a misfortune?"

"Well, you ought to be the best judge on that point, Zoé; you have the advantage over any of us there—you have been married."

"Bah! nonsense! You know that my marriage was so slight an affair that it scarcely deserves the name. But who is he going to marry?"

"An heiress—a very wealthy English heiress—a charming miss."

"Really!" exclaims M. Fêtevojeu, getting interested. "Well, I am glad of that; the poor fellow was always hard up for money, and it is a pity, for he is fond of fun and loves cards."

"Oh, you wicked man!" Madame de Fleurville says, laughing, and showing a double row of faultless teeth of surpassing whiteness. "You only think of yourself. But tell me, Léon, who is this girl. An English miss, you say?"

"Why, that is the general question. No one knows."

"But you have been in London lately, and can tell us."

"I wish I could; why, I should become the greatest favorite at all the clubs, if I could answer that question."

Madame de Fleurville's curiosity becomes excited, and she half arises from her couch, as she says:

"But surely this girl must have a name, a family history."

"No, she has no name, no family history."

"You are joking."

"You know, Zoé, I never joke."

"Then tell me the name of the girl our friend is about to marry."

"Her real name no one knows—she is one of the mysteries of Mayfair—but she goes by the name of Miss Raymond, which is the family name of Lady Rollingford, the lady who has adopted her, and whose fortune, it seems, she is to have at her death."

Silence reigns for a few seconds after this.

"What is the matter, Zoé?" exclaims the count. "How pale you look! What is the matter? You are not feeling ill, are you?"

"I? Well, yes, I am a little tired after the play; new performances are always very fatiguing, and you know that I am not very strong," she answers, in some confusion. "But tell me," she adds, trying to speak in her natural tone of voice, "tell me all you know about this mysterious Miss Raymond."

"You are fatigued—don't you think that we had better leave you?"

"No—without supper?—certainly not; I could not allow such a thing. It is nothing, believe me; I am better now. Ring the bell, Léon, and let us have supper at once; I suppose it is of no use waiting any longer for our other friends; I dare say they are supping with Angélique at the Maison Dorée. But do tell me all you know about this girl."

"Some say she must be a natural daughter of Lady Rollingford herself; others suppose her to be the child of some royal house, who from political motives is afraid to own her; some even go so far as to name the family; but I fear all these stories are alike devoid of foundation."

Madame de Fleurville remains silent for a few minutes, and seems as if lost in deep thought, for she does not notice that the young lord at her feet has taken possession of her hand, which was hanging listlessly beside her, and is imprinting warm, ardent kisses upon it; at last she becomes aware of the fact, and, withdrawing it with a brusque movement, says:

"Has it never occurred to any one that she might be Lord Rollingford's daughter?"

"It is impossible, believe me, Zoé, to imagine anything that has not already been suggested by some one; but the story that she is a daughter of Lady Rollingford's husband seems to me the most improbable of all. Do you think that any woman in her senses would ever adopt her husband's natural children?"

"Well, perhaps not; but is she really going to leave her all her money?"

"Let us hope so, for our friend's sake," the count answered, with a grimace, for already the conversation is beginning to bore him.

"You are sure that she is going to have all Lady Rollingford's money? I hear she is enormously rich."

"One cannot be sure of anything, *mon cher Fêtevojeu*. I have never seen her will, so how can I tell? All I know is, that people in London society seem to think so."

"It will be a grand marriage for young Cassilis, then," M. Champignon remarks. "Some one pointed out the Hotel Rollingford to me when I was last in London, and really it is a splendid building."

"Come, come, don't you think that you have talked enough about this Miss Raymond?" says the young lord, rising and walking to the fireplace, where a large wood fire is burning.

"Ah, *milord* Dare, perhaps you can tell me

something really true about her; you are an Englishman, and must know her."

"Oh, bother! Well, yes, I know her, of course; but, upon my soul, I know nothing at all about her, neither do I care, by Jove!"

"You know her—ah, she is pretty?"

"Rather."

"Only rather? Now what is she like? Do tell me; I am all curiosity."

"So it seems. I had no idea, Zoé, that you were so fond of that young Englishman, and took such a deep interest in all his doings," the count says; and then, turning to the servant who has just entered the room in answer to his summons, he inquires in an angry tone if the supper is ever going to be ready.

"What is she like?—do tell me, Lord Dare."

"Well, she is dark, tall, and clever-looking; she looks more like a foreigner than an English girl."

"Is she a Catholic?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Ah, thank God for that!"

"Thank God for what? Ah, *diantre!* how pious we are getting!"

The servant comes in at this moment to announce that that "*Madame est servie*," and a few minutes later the fascinating actress and her friends are partaking of an exquisite supper in the gorgeously decorated dining-room, and the conversation and laughter become gayer and brighter as the champagne corks fly, and the Venetian tumblers, full of sparkling wine, circulate round the merry group, and "the health and happiness of Monsieur and Madame de Cassilis" is proposed as the toast of the evening by the brilliant queen of the feast.

CHAPTER II.—RUPERT CASSILIS.

RUPERT CASSILIS, as every one knows, is the second son of Sir Robert de Cassilis, an English baronet descended from an illustrious line, and married to a French lady, who has induced her husband to reside almost entirely in France. Their second son, Rupert, was born at the Château de la Quintenette, the fine ancestral home of her family in the sunny South, and brought up at the family hotel in Paris.

Being the youngest of her children, he was from his cradle his mother's pet. She was a thorough French lady of the old school, nobly born and noble-minded, a devout Catholic and a staunch *Légitimiste*. She perfectly doted upon her pretty curly-headed little English boy, and for many years scarcely permitted any one to touch her treasure, for fear, I suppose, that he might get broken.

As soon as he was old enough to learn anything besides mischief he was placed under the care of the family chaplain, a priest who had lived so long in the Cassilis family that he almost formed part of it. But even this solemn and highly respectable ecclesiastic was forced to confess, after a while, that the youthful Rupert was too much for him—for, indeed, brought up amongst women and priests, and accustomed to have his own way in everything, the child had become very self-willed, and could not be coaxed into doing or learning anything—and so at an early age he was torn from the arms of his tender-hearted mother, who shed copious tears over him, by his hard-hearted father, Sir Robert, and placed in the Lycée, where he soon became a general favorite with the boys, if not with the masters, and where he learnt all he was ever destined to learn, little as it was.

Some years afterwards, when his "studies" were completely finished—that is to say, when he grew too old to remain any longer at college, and the sacred precincts of that temple of wisdom and mischief had grown too hot to hold him any longer—he entered the army; but he got into so many scrapes, and wanted to fight so many of his brother officers, that at last his father made him send in his resignation and adopt a quieter style of living.

From the time he left college, his mother's great object in life would seem to have been to provide him with a wife, who she hoped would have the power to keep him out of mischief, and render him a happy man. But the young scapegrace would not be caught in any of the nets so carefully laid for him; no bait, however brilliant and dazzling, tempted him.

Disgusted with the society of the *beau monde*, where politics and religion seemed to be the only topics of conversation, and tired of the innocent, serious, reserved girls just out of convents, whom he alone met in the aristocratic saloons of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, he turned his eyes to that other section of the Parisian world, commonly known as the Quartier Bréda, where politics and religion are but little discussed, and innocence and reserve unknown.

In this world, amidst the gayest of gay companions, and the prettiest and most charming of women, Rupert spent a few years of mad folly and feverish, reckless dissipation, until one day he was forced to fight a duel for a certain actress, about whom he did not care a straw; and after having nearly killed his man, he had to fly to England, badly wounded himself, to escape the police. For a few months after this no one knew where "le beau Rupert," as he was called in the gay world of Paris, had gone; his disappearance was a subject of general conversation, and for the ordinary nine days he became the *wonder* of fashionable life. He had written to his family, however, like a dutiful son, to inform them of his hiding-place, and also that his letters might be sent after him without delay; and thither his father went, to give him a piece of his mind. But the reaction had come by this time, and "le beau Rupert," heartily ashamed of himself, and disgusted with what he was pleased to call his "great experiences of life," rushed into his father's arms and promised to reform and turn over a new leaf.

Since then he has spent most of his time in England, where he has found a few sympathetic friends, amongst whom he feels thoroughly at home, as, in spite of his foreign education, he has been able to master the language with great ease.

That he is very handsome and prepossessing, I have already stated, over and over again; but I must now add that he is also one of the best and truest of men, and that at heart, despite all his little escapades, he is thoroughly good-natured and noble-minded. An easy-going, devil-may-care,

warm-hearted man of the world, as handsome as Apollo himself, and perfectly indifferent to his personal advantages—such is the man to whom Louisa Raymond, our interesting and mysterious young heroine, is about to be united.

If any girl was ever happy in this world, I think that girl is our Louisa—not that she has forgotten her nameless condition, but because love is such a tyrant that, when he is actively working in the heart, everything else seems unimportant. Troubles may not vanish before him, but they certainly appear much less important. The thought of Rupert's love has already power enough to swallow up all other feelings, and for the first time in her life she almost forgets that she is nobody's child, and that there is nothing in the wide world she can lay claim to as her own.

(To be continued.)

THE COMMERCIAL EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

THE TRIP ACROSS THE GULF AND ARRIVAL AT VERA CRUZ.

AT five o'clock A.M. on Thursday morning, the 9th of January, there were knockings, and ringings, and shoutings, and yellings, and howlings, and groanings, and ejaculations, and full-flavored words resounding through the corridors of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans; and at seven o'clock the members of the deputation, some in omnibuses, some in hacks, some on foot, started for the levee, where lay the good ship *City of Mexico*, of the far-famed Alexandre line, with steam up, in readiness to convey us across the Gulf. After the usual bustle and excitement consequent upon departure, and the acrobatic reception of the stereotyped late passenger, we swung slowly into the river, where we coquetted a while with the current, till, by the aid of a powerful but singularly uproarious tug, we were finally enabled to face the situation, and to leave the Crescent City in the receding distance. All hands were summoned on deck and the purser read out the passenger-list, a list as fatal to many of us as those prepared by the *sans culottes* for *la mère guillotine*. "Mr. Brown, No. 5," read the purser—"with you, Mr. Brown, are Mr. Smith and Mr. Thompson." A rush to ascertain the exact whereabouts of our ocean home immediately took place, and the expressions upon the visages of the returning explorers would have put the rueful countenance of Don Quixote de la Mancha to the blush. The staterooms had been allotted in the order of application for tickets, and, as a matter of course, the man who had purchased the last ticket howled loudest for the best cabin. A revolution seemed imminent, but the sound of a breakfast-gong dispersed the rioters, and when the inner man had been satisfied his better nature came slowly but surely to the front. The artist and the writer were fortunate in being placed together, while a sort of improvised shelf was allotted to a very lively and entertaining young gentleman, to whose good humor and good fellowship I beg at this writing to bear honest testimony.

The sail down the Mississippi strongly and strangely reminded me of the "lazy Scheldt." Given a few windmills and the resemblance would be simply perfect. The old châteaux with their trimly and primly cut ever so green trees, in this instance laden with golden oranges; the banks rising on either side above the flat-lying plantations, all of sugar; the dull, dreary sameness, with no object to break the sky-line—was I on the *Harmon Oxy*, en route for Antwerp and down among the Dutchmen? The ten hours in the river were disposed of by the writing up of diaries, the vigorous consumption of oranges, and feeble and irresolute prognostications as to the chances of a smooth passage. The passengers who declared that they never got sick were regarded with feelings of envy, and those who announced that they were never well at sea began to look at the water with a certain amount of dread. Field-glasses were at a discount, and as towards sunset we espied breakers ahead, we feigned a cheerfulness that we were very far from participating in. At six o'clock we reached the levee and the South Pass, now twenty-six feet deep, and at five minutes past, seventy-five per cent. of the passengers were clasped in the clammy embraces of *mal de mer*. I have traveled far and wide, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; I have beheld the miserable cockney on a Thames River boat, the son of Gotham off the fishing banks; but never, oh, never did I behold so instantaneous a development of this merciless malady—never gaze upon a set of joyous, bolsterous, happy human beings so suddenly plunged into the writhings of a fathomless despair. The artist succumbed, the writer bent his head before the blast, and, taking refuge in our stateroom, made no visible sign until the morning of Sunday, the 12th, when, desperate and dauntless, we rolled from our respective berths, plunged through the saloon, and ascended the companion way to take a wistful peep at the snow-capped summit of the extinct volcano, Orizaba, that stood in solemn and awful grandeur, partly wrapped in a mantle of gloomy cloud, and fully sixty miles away. Never have I beheld any sight so sublime—a sight so calculated to fill the soul as with the chorus of a great amen. For one brief second the sun shot a single ray across the snowy peak, and for one brief second flashed upon us "the white radiance of eternity." We continued to gaze at this grim and ghostly sentinel until he disappeared high in the clouds, and it was hours ere the faint outlines of Motezuma's shores became mingled with the hazy horizon.

We were favored with a *norte*, which sprang up with a suddenness only known to the Gulf, where the sudden changes of the weather are more frequent than even the *pronunciamentos*. The *norte* is a wind that, although inconvenient to the shipping and obstructive to the landing of merchandise, is a welcome guest, since it temporarily frees the town of Vera Cruz from the scourge of *comito*—that most malignant type of yellow fever, and for which the town enjoys so unenviable a reputation. It seems scarcely credible that the chief port of the Republic should lack a harbor and every arrangement to facilitate the shipping traffic. But such is the case, and, with the exception of the mole, a stone pier over which every wanton wave gayly disports itself at will, Vera Cruz is without a landing-place. It is, however, but just to say that its topography is unfavorable to the construction of a harbor. At present vessels must anchor between the shore and a small island about half a mile to seaward, on which is built the fort of San Juan de Ulloa. At the back of this island, and parallel to the coast, coral reefs extend for a considerable distance, so that the town can only be approached from the north or south. When a *norte* is blowing, communication between the vessels in the roadstead and the shore is impossible; and when the wind becomes very violent, as is frequently the case in January and February, ships put out to sea in order to prevent inevitable wreckage, should their anchors

come to drag. A *norte* rose at us; we put on every pound of steam that the boiler would stand, in order to endeavor to make the roadstead before the wind came to its full strength. We spun over the boiling, hissing, seething waters, the *norte* whirling through the rigging and wrestling desperately with the good ship, that creaked, and groaned, and labored to the uttermost limits of endurance. When almost within hail of the shore we signaled for a pilot, but the sea was washing over the mole, and the pilot, wise in his generation, refused to come to our relief. *Hinc illa lacryma!* There was nothing for us but to put to sea again, and run for the smooth water lying five miles away between the mainland and a small island called Sacrificio. This island is remarkable, since it was here that the Aztecs offered up human sacrifices to their bloodthirsty and exacting gods. Upon a particular day in each year a youth, selected for his beauty and physique, accompanied by his four wives, chosen from the loveliest of the Aztec maidens, was borne across the flashing waters to his doom. For one year he was treated as a god; everything that earth could yield him in the way of delight was his. Then came the terrible and ghastly voyage to Sacrificio. He was led to an altar, still in existence, and now shaded by four date-palms, the only trees on the island. A priest, shrouded from head to heel in blood-red robes, approached and, with a horrible dexterity, cut the heart from out his body, flinging it, still palpitating, upon the gore-dyed stone. Sacrificio lies two miles from the mainland, just opposite to where General Scott landed his forces in 1847. Some of our party visited it and returned laden with several specimens of coral, together with a real live coconut. The lamentations were loud and long when it became known that another night should be passed on board ship; but when the captain assured us that to sleep in Vera Cruz was not unattended with risk, especially to those whom sea-sickness had marked for its own, we resigned ourselves to the inevitable and prepared for a good square sleep. It was our first night in the tropics, and we made much of it. The moon bathed ship and sea in liquid pearl, the stars glittered as they glitter only in these latitudes. The Southern Cross appeared in the dark-blue vault, while came from the shore a delicious fragrance borne on a caressing breeze that wooingly whispered of rare and radiant flowers. Many of us remained on deck far into the "wee sma' hours," as we did not dare insult the glory of that tropical night by jilting it in favor of our staterooms.

I have advisedly passed over the details of our voyage across the Gulf. Like the needy knife-grinder, I have no story to tell. By grace especial the *City of Mexico* steamed direct from New Orleans to Vera Cruz, making no calls by the way, thus saving at least two clear days of ocean travel—two centuries to many of our deputation. There were some of the passengers who enjoyed the whole thing, and never missed a meal, while others, resigning themselves to their fate, never appeared until the eagerly-looked-forward-to hour of landing.

A vertical sun blazing right over our heads, and gilding everything it lighted upon with a dazzle and a glare impossible to describe save as *white dayshine*, saluted us on Monday morning, the 13th of January. On our left lay Vera Cruz, baked to a dull pink, on our right the fort of San Juan de Ulloa, part of whose battlemented walls showed fearful zigzag rents done by the terrific battering power of the *norte*. A few black-faced, white-helmeted toy soldiers gazed stolidly at the *City of Mexico*, blinking like human owls. At anchor rode a sister ship, with half a dozen craft of various descriptions, while away at sea were tiny sail-boats, whose canvas resembled a nicely assorted hand at euchre, the cards opening outwards from the base of the palm.

The fort, as seen in our illustration, which is also a prison, is built upon the small island on which Hernando Cortez landed on the 21st of April, 1519. It was commenced in 1569, finished in 1633 by the Spaniards, in whose power it remained until several years after the independence of Mexico. This island, in 1568, fell momentarily into the hands of Sir T. Hawkins, and in 1583 the pirate Nicolas Agramont pounced upon it. In 1825 it was surrendered to the Mexican General Barrazan. In 1838 the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, took possession of it. It was occupied by the American army in 1847-8, and it was finally abandoned by the Mexicans when the allied forces of England, France and Spain arrived in the waters of Vera Cruz. On the 15th of May, 1858, the Constitutional Government of Mexico withdrew within its walls—Benito Juarez, President. On the 28th of August, 1864, several inhabitants of Mexico City were imprisoned within its walls for having too forcibly advocated republican principles. As I gazed at its crumbling and storm-ruined walls, I bethought me of the strange, strange stories these very walls could tell.

The town of Vera Cruz, all pink, the window-shutters a light green, the houses constructed of adobe, solid and stunted, naturally focused our attention. Church towers, surmounted by gilt crosses flashing in the sunlight, stood out in bold relief against the pale-blue sky, while here and there the crest of a stately palm seemed painted upon the wall of azure. On the right a white, feathery column told us that the *ferro caril*, or railway, lay in that quarter; on the left stretched dead, dull sand, till it met the bright-blue line of heaven. Dim and shadowy spectres filled in the background, gigantic mountains still closely veiled in their jealous *zarapes* of cloud.

Around the steamer shore-boats were packed as closely as sardines in a box, blue-painted, with white awnings, and occupied by boatmen who would insure the success of an *opera bouffe*—such picturesque-looking fellows, in dazzling white drawers cut away at the knee, a *rayah*, or red sash, round the waist, a vest whiter than the snow on Orizaba, and straw *sombrero*. Their breasts, arms, legs and feet were naked and the color of roasted coffee; their teeth were as white as their garments, while hair and eyes were black as the raven's wing. They were all looking up at us, and we were all looking down at them, each boatman gesticulating and shouting *uno peso* in a shrill and squeaky voice, his attitude that of mortal defiance. This was our first wrestle with the Spanish language, and the efforts of some of the party—hard-headed commercial men—to strike a bargain for carrying ashore were irresistibly ludicrous. My experience in Spain made me the hero of the hour, and having been elected paymaster-general to a very large boat-load, I succeeded in landing about fifteen persons at the rate of half a dollar a head. How gladly we sprang ashore, how joyfully we planted our feet once more upon *terra firma*! The mole was literally swarming with human beings, from the picturesque-looking porters who were detailed by the custom-house authorities to pass on our *impedimenta*, to the "swells" of the town, who affect the shiniest of high silk hats, the shortest of short-tailed coats, the tightest of tight pants, save at the feet, where they expanded to the tip of the shoe, and the daintiest of cushioned-toed boots. There were military uniforms and glittering *charrio*; there were ladies in delicate black with airy *mantillas*

vieling with *meziza* women in flaunting hues and *rebozos*—that half-shawl half-cloak, all-vail that they fling about their little frames with the grace of a Sevillian *maja*! there were poorly-clad Indians, but ever so neat, despite their tatters; there were copper-skinned flower-girls, each with a scarlet bud coquettishly inserted in her blue-black hair. *Aquadores*, or water-carriers, in their leathern garments bearing huge earthen water-jars—*chocol-hol*—on their backs, suspended by straps from their foreheads, and a smaller jar—*cantaro*—hanging in front; there were hawkers of confectionery, *duices aqua fresca*, tamales, and a hundred other wares of the nature of which I am still in blissful ignorance. A whiter, brighter, or more glowing scene it has never been my good fortune to witness, and I lingered on the mole while the artist made his sketch, languidly reveling in this tropical color-bath.

A deputation boarded the *City of Mexico* at an early hour, bidding us welcome to Vera Cruz, and making us free of the Commercial Club; and before I chronicle the proceedings of the American Industrial Deputation in the town of the True Cross I shall make brief mention of the place itself.

Vera Cruz was founded by the Viceroy Count Monterey at the end of the sixteenth century, and until the Declaration of Independence its port had the privilege of alone being open to foreign commerce on the Atlantic seaboard of Mexico. This was a source of great wealth to the town, and its buildings retain all the marks and tokens of a past grandeur. Originally a fortress, it is still entirely surrounded by massive walls and ramparts—the latter stretching a quarter of a mile along the seashore, flanked on both sides by ancient forts, whilst on the land side the ramparts are curved in the form of an arc, and entered by a number of quaint gateways bearing the signs of rude buffeting from time and tempest. The first houses built at Vera Cruz by the conquerors were situated on the same spot where the city now stands, and the new colony was called *Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz*, "the rich town of the true cross," but in 1524 it was moved twelve miles further north. It was then taken by Cortez to the place now known as La Antigua Vera Cruz, "the old Vera Cruz," and finally re-established in the year 1600 under Monterey in its primitive and actual situation. By these migrations the Spaniards hoped to free themselves from the *comito*; but, as it is produced by the bad quality of the water, the reflection of the sun on the sands, and the emanations of the marshes, they found that the whole coast was infected. The town, which is small, contains 12,000 inhabitants, its floating population being 41,000. Its surrounding fortifications were erected in 1793. They measure 8,500 feet, and are mounted with over 100 guns. The city suffered considerably in 1606, 1608 and 1612, from fire, and it was pillaged on the 17th of May, 1693, by pirates. The countless ancient cupolas and towers look hoar and venerable, whilst the houses are kept in good repair and carefully coated with paint to conceal the wrinkles of age. The streets are admirably neat and clean, and how the street-sweepers, the sombre *soplotes*—buzards—manage to thrive and get fat on their chances is a matter of wonder. These birds are to be seen at every turn. They take no notice of anybody and no person notices them. They perch where they like and are free of the city, and woe to him who dare lay prostrate hand upon them. Such a wanton is instantly fined or imprisoned. I saw one perched upon an upturned basket in the market-place solemnly blinking in the midst of the clatter of a fiercely gesticulating and densely-packed crowd of people—blinking like Grip, the iron-gray raven of Baynaby Rudge.

The City of Vera Cruz is the capital of the State of the same name, and through it pass two-thirds of all the Mexican imports and exports. Before 1835 all the goods landed at Vera Cruz for the capital and the interior were forwarded by mules, while the *conductas* of specie were forwarded to this port for shipment, escorted by a detachment of cavalry. It was from this city that Montezuma had red mullet carried to the capital by means of running bearers, each slave conveying the much cherished fish in a basket a very short distance, but at his very highest speed, when he transferred to the next runner, and so on to the capital, where it arrived still fresh, and where it was cooked after the Mexican fashion, a fashion clung to to-day—and *parole d'honneur*, Delmonico should write for the receipt. If Cologne has "two-and-seventy odors" Vera Cruz heads it by one. The same stale, garlicky perfume that had greeted my olfactory nerves in sunny Spain greeted me here, and for a little while the aroma from the open sewers—all the sewers are open and run a liquid resembling the waters of a clear stream, producing a feeling akin to nausea. A cold water plunge, however, soon put me to rights, the bath constructed of blue-glazed tiles, almost as delicate as the "real Chelsea," the apartment hung in scarlet and giving upon a *patio*, or fountain-decorated courtyard, the tropical sun flinging its white dazzle on a nursery of the most enchanting greenery, on palms, and ferns, and orchids, and on red and yellow blossoms, such as even Fortuny dared not have attempted with his all-glowing brush. After assembling at the Commercial Club, a cool, elegantly gotten-up establishment, the American deputation, who were received by the Governor and the Captain-General, proceeded in twos to the Fonda Grau Hotel Veracruzano, a quaint old building, where the municipality entertained them at *almuerzo*, or midday meal, the most noticeable features of which were a dish composed of eggs, rice, and the Lord knows what else besides, the red mullet—absolutely delicious—and snails. I observed that the dishes of snails were not extensively patronized. After *almuerzo* the artist and I took a stroll through the city, always advisedly keeping on the shady side of the streets, for the sun was intensely hot, and the sheen and dazzle almost blinding. We thought of Chicago, and 21 degrees below zero, and of the magic carpet in the "Arabian Nights" story that waited its happy possessor in a second from "Indus to the Pole," or *vice versa*. What color in every turn of the streets of Vera Cruz! Here a string of mules laden with every conceivable commodity, the leader ridden by the heavy villain of the cheap tragedy; or a rude, quaint cart, its sides composed of a netting, drawn by three mules—one in the shafts, the others at either side; the one on the left hand bestridden by a jaunty fellow in *charrio*—that is, in a gray felt *sombrero* bound in silver lace, in a skin jacket, braided with silver cord, in high buff boots, and always the blood-red *rayah*, or waist-belt; another turn would reveal dark-eyed señoritas peeping at us from beneath gayly-striped awnings stretched over iron balconies, the daughters of Vera Cruz sending forth their puffs of blue-white smoke from their coquettish cigarettes, while a low but joyous laugh at *las Americanas* would ripple into the sun-lighted street. Dufnas, haggard and hideous, such as one beholds in Spain, glared at us as we sauntered along. Milkers, whose cans, incased in skins, hung three aside, jogged lazily beside their donkeys; *aquadores* cried their wares. Indians in dazzling white sped rapidly by us, never so much as vouchsafing us a passing regard. We strolled into the market-place. Oh! the glory of those reds and

yellow and greens! Such tropical fruits and flowers!—such golds and blues and purples. Indian women stretched on mats idolently watched their stock of red and green pepper pods, of *tortillas*, of *granadas*, of coconuts, of melons, of strange sweetmeats and uninviting-looking tarts of *bizarrre* shape; *rancheros* dismounted from their dapper little horses to bargain for this, that, or the other; men in *sombrero* and *zarapas* and *ponchos*, stood listlessly around, unconsciously creating a picture over which the artist gushed and gushed again. Fain would we have lingered amongst these fruits and flowers, but two o'clock was named for our departure for Orizaba, and punctuality was the order of the day, for every inch of the scenery along the line of rail must be secured ere sunset.

Casting a last long, lingering glance at the market-place, we moved in the direction of the cathedral and on to the *plaza*, where we beheld our first cocoon growing in the open air. We had not time to visit the Alameda, or more than a moment to glance round us at the *plaza*, a capital specimen of this national institution, tessellated with a most curious and artistic pavement of marble. The cathedral is very dingy and wears a thoroughly poverty-stricken aspect. Past shoemakers working at their high-heeled, cushion-toed boots, in the open air; past glimpses of cool interiors, lighted by the vertical sun; past tobacco-dealers, spreading the leaf on mats to dry; past warehouses, so singularly uncommercial-looking as to suggest the idea that their occupiers were merely engaged in playing at commerce just to kill time; past wine-shops, reeking with unwholesome smells; past bakery establishments, containing the prettiest and most artistically made up bread; past ragged soldiers and linen-clad policemen, we got back to the Commercial Club, where we picked up our satchels and started for the *ferro caril*.

All the leading citizens thronged the depot, and the scene was one of intense animation. The engine, so unlike anything we had ever seen, secured considerable attention, and how it ever dragged us up the inclines we so safely traversed is still a matter of wonder to many of us. The cars were constituted after the fashion of our own, but very dingy and very third-rate. The regular carriage on this line is of the English pattern, in compartments, each compartment capable of containing eight persons; but this class of car would never have suited the requirements of so large a party, consequently the management, who put on the "special" free of all charge, was wise in its selection. The strange engine blew a strange, unearthly sound from a strange whistle, and amid a thousand *adios*, we slowly started from the depot, every man of us endeavoring to secure a seat on the left-hand side of the train, in order to enjoy the scenery—started out across the tawny sands *en route* for the hills of the Montezumas.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Five Asbestos Mines have been discovered in the Province of Quebec, Canada.

Immense Savings of Coal are reported through the use of asbestos pipe-coverings.

Owners of Vineyards in France have ordered large quantities of the sulpho-carbonate of potassium to be applied as a remedy for phylloxera.

The Emperor of Germany has approved of the election of Mr. Darwin and Professor Owen as Foreign Members of the Berlin Academy of Sciences.

French Scientific Circles think it unfair that the salaries of professors of law and letters should exceed those of medicine and science by about 2,000 francs.

A Fine Building has been constructed in the new Boulevard St. Germain for the uses of the Geographical Society of Paris. The architecture is plain but elegant.

An Electric Spark Pen, for producing engravings on copper or zinc, has been invented by a Parisian. The light of the spark also guides the artist in a dark room.

A Study of the Patent Office Gazette shows that inventions go by streaks. Recently it was windmills; still later the minds of inventors were directed to fire-escapes.

The Peruvian Miners chew cocoa-leaves, which have a mild, sedative influence, and are thought to increase strength. They assist endurance through long periods of abstinence.

A Solution of Common Salt is recommended by M. Mercier for preserving botanical and zoological specimens. It is cheaper than alcohol, does not evaporate readily, and does not disappear in other ways.

At the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, a series of experiments with kites as a means of lifting weights are being made. The kites are the invention of Dudgeon, and are said to rise with the least breeze, and to float horizontally with considerable buoyancy.

M. Raoul Pictet is quite restored to health. The University of Geneva has conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor, and he has just been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, in recognition of his eminent services to science, and especially of his successful experiments in the liquefaction of gases.

Manufacture of Aluminum in France.—At Salindres, near Alais, France, aluminum is manufactured in the following manner: Bauxite, which is a hydrated sesquioxide of iron and aluminum, is heated in a reverberatory furnace with soda; the aluminate of soda thereby formed is leached and then precipitated by passing a current of carbonic acid through the liquor. The precipitate is mixed with salt and coal-dust, shaped into balls and heated in vertical retorts to a white heat, while a current of chlorine gas passes through the vessel. A double chloride of aluminum and sodium is formed which distills over into a receiver which must be carefully closed to exclude moisture. By adding thirty-five per cent. of sodium and forty per cent. of cryolite, metallic aluminum is formed, which gathers in the bottom of the crucible and can be subsequently melted into ingots under a flux of common salt. The cost of metallic aluminum when prepared in this way is \$7 per pound.

Drying Eggs by Wholesale.—A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis, Missouri, for drying eggs by the thousand dozen. The eggs, after being carefully inspected by light, are thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken and subsequently, by centrifugal operation, the white and yolk are separated from the shells, very much as liquid honey is taken from the comb or water is removed from sugar. The liquid is then dried by currents of warm air at a temperature that does not coagulate the albumen, and the dried article, which resembles brown sugar, is packed in barrels ready for transportation. The dried preparation has been taken twice across the equator in ships and then made into omelette which compared very favorably with that prepared from fresh eggs. As long as the eggs are preserved dry there is no difficulty in keeping them indefinitely after they have undergone the above process. This method will add to the list of preserved food, and will prove valuable on long voyages. It is analogous to the process of manufacturing dry albumen from blood, and was no doubt suggested by that operation.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HERBERT SPENCER will Winter in the south of France.

A CAFE paper says the Caffe name for Sir Bartle Frere signifies "The dog that bites before he barks."

THE wife of President Porter of Yale College has been elected President of the Connecticut Training School for Nurses.

EDMOND ABOUT says that an election to the once famous French Academy is no longer coveted by any writer or author of eminence in France.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING will not have to preach in a theatre next year, as his Chicago friends are going to build for him a lecture hall costing \$150,000.

SEÑOR ZAMACONA, the Mexican Minister, is a thorough musician. He has a piano and an organ in his house at Washington, and plays remarkably well upon both.

THE oldest member of Queen Victoria's Privy Council is Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, who is ninety-one; and the youngest member is Prince Leopold, aged twenty-six.

J. D. McLEOD (colored) has been appointed Government storekeeper at Covington, Ky., being the first man of his race who has ever received an appointment of the kind in the State.

It is stated at Madrid that the Kings of Spain and Portugal, at the approaching meeting at Elvas, will discuss a marriage between the Infanta Maria Della Paz, sister of King Alfonso, and Prince Augustus of Portugal, brother of King Luis.

MISS LEE, the eldest daughter of the late Confederate general, is said to be an energetic traveler. She was not long ago entertained by Lord and Lady Napier at Gibraltar, and a few weeks before was within the Russian lines in Turkey.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS of Baltimore has been appealed to by the former Venezuelan consul at Baltimore, to ascertain whether any Sisters of Charity can be found in this country who are willing to go to Venezuela as religious teachers.

THE German Emperor is wonderfully well and vigorous, though still obliged to carry his right arm in a sling, and driven out daily, accompanied only by the Crown Prince or an equestrian. All the forenoon he devotes to receiving reports and giving audiences.

GOVERNOR MARKS has only one leg. State Treasurer Polk has only one, and Colonel Gaines, Comptroller, has but one arm—this in Tennessee. In Louisiana Governor Nicholls has but one arm and one leg, and in South Carolina the Governor has but one leg, and the two United States Senators have but two legs between them. Wars and mules do it.

MADAME COSIMA LISZT WAGNER, the wife of the composer, has just enjoyed a unique serenade on the occasion of her husband's birthday. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen sent the ducal orchestra to Villa Walmfried, the home of the Wagners, where they delighted the ears of the accomplished lady with excerpts from her husband's new opera of "Parsifal."

SIR WILLIAM JENNER has just retired from the Chair of Morbid Anatomy, in University College, which he has filled with rare success for nearly thirty years. The *Lancet* says that the demands made upon him by his appointments and the public have compelled Sir William's resignation, and laments that in England they have no endowments which are worthy the acceptance of their master minds.

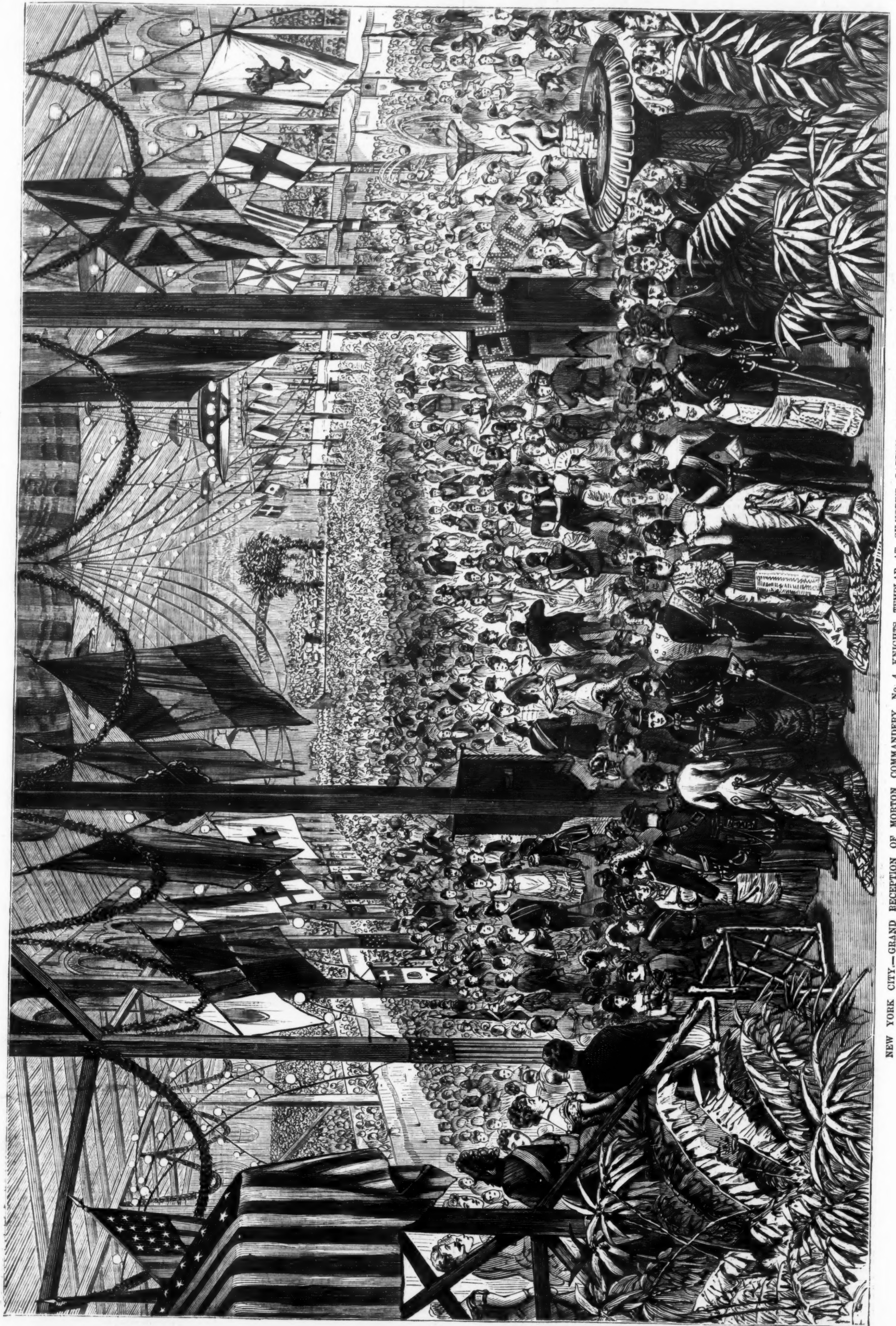
THE two sons of the Prince of Wales—Prince George and Prince Victor—have made a highly creditable examination, and returned at Christmas to their mother laden with prizes. The two boys, on joining, were at once christened "Herring" and "Sprat," and by these sobriquets are known to this day. The princes respond to their curious appellations with jaunty frankness and sailor-like good humor.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh, while she has been very frigid in manner on all ceremonious occasions in England, was very agreeable when among her own friends, serving them with her own hands as unostentatiously as though she were an English Princess. Her great stateliness has hitherto made her unpopular, but now, it appears, she has altered her ways, is entering into the local interests about her English home, and is said to like it and to be liked very much better than before.

GENERAL DE NANROUTY, the Director of the Meteorological Observatory on the Pic du Midi, has been suffering from his devotion to science. He was snowed-up alone at his station, and, being old and in delicate health, great anxiety was felt about him. Heroic efforts were made by the peasantry to reach him, which they did at last, and the telegraphic line was repaired. The general bravely refused to relinquish his post, and he is spending his Winter as usual on one of the highest peaks of France.

THE Princess of Tanjore, who has not only made her appearance in public, but permitted the Governor of Madras to invest her with the insignia of the Star of India, is the most highly educated princess in the Orient. She owes her intellectual culture to the aid of an accomplished young German lady, and has made considerable progress in English. An eye-witness of the ceremony says that her slight figure and charming face at once gained the sympathy of all. Over a plain and straight dress of cloth-of-gold, with a girle of the same stuff, she wore an emerald-green silk fichu, most beautifully ornamented with jewels and embroidery, and her headpiece seemed to be a sort of turban. A female attendant carried a splendid sword.

ZEBULON B. VANCE, the new Democratic Senator from North Carolina, was born in Buncombe County, N. C., May 13th, 1830. He studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1853. In 1854 he was elected to the State Legislature. When Congressman T. L. Clingman (who had been elected Senator) resigned in 1858, Governor Vance was elected as a States Rights American to succeed him. He was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and served till the close of his term in March, 1861. Then he went into the Confederacy, and was elected Governor of North Carolina, serving from 1861 to 1864. During the early part of the war he was colonel of a regiment raised by him for the Confederate Army. In 1863 he addressed a letter to Jefferson Davis on the subject of peace, declaring that the only way of removing the discontent then prevailing in North Carolina was by making some attempt at negotiating with the Federal Government. In August, 1864, he was again elected Governor, defeating Wm. H. Holden by 34,000 majority. He served until May 29th, 1865, when Holden was appointed Provisional Governor. In 1870 he was elected United States Senator, but it was declared that he was not eligible. In 1872 he again ran for the Senatorship, but withdrew before the contest ended. His disabilities had been removed in the meantime, and he would have been admitted if elected. Governor Vance still continued to be very active in North Carolina politics after his unsuccessful attempts to secure the Senatorship, and in 1877 was elected Governor for the term ending in 1881.



NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND RECEPTION OF MORTON COMMANDERY, No. 4, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, JANUARY 29TH.—SEE PAGE 427.



SUPR. RYAN RECEIVING LODGERS.



REPAIRING CLOTHES.



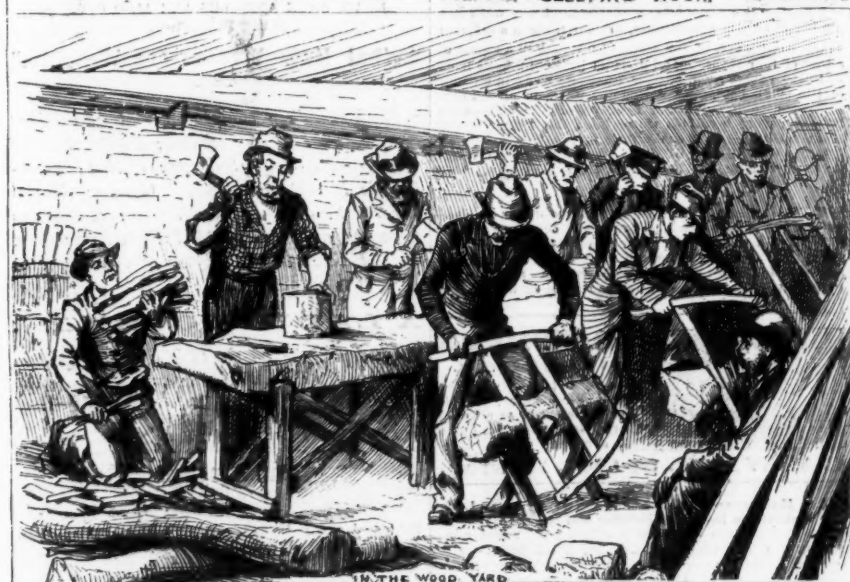
MUSH, BREAKFAST



IN THE WASH ROOM -- WAITING FOR WATER.



GENERAL SLEEPING ROOM UP STAIRS. LODGERS PREPARING TO RETIRE.



IN THE WOOD YARD.



MORNING IN THE BASEMENT.

THE LAST INDIAN FIGHT.

ON the 20th of October last a band of Cheyenne Indians, officially reported as numbering 149, was surrounded in the sand hills of Northwest Nebraska by three companies of the Third United States Cavalry, during a severe snowstorm, and forced to surrender. They expressed a willingness to remain peaceably at Camp Robinson, or to live with Red Cloud's people, but refused in emphatic terms to return to their reservation in the Indian Territory, where they declared they had been starved. On the 19th of December Commissioner Hayt ordered their removal to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, but on the 8th of January the order was modified so as to provide that all full-grown men should be taken to the Dry Tortugas, or St. Augustine, Fla., and the women and children to their agency in the Indian Territory whence they had fled. When this decision was announced to them they became sullen, then silent. They ceased their demands for the long-promised food and clothing. Their sudden quiet excited the suspicions of the army officers, and a heavy guard was placed over their prison quarters.

At about eleven o'clock on the night of January 9th, the Indians broke prison and made for the prairie, firing upon the guards as they ran. The noise of the firing aroused the main guard, which, with a cavalry force, was immediately sent in pursuit. In the chase over forty of the Indians were killed by the troops. Subsequently the troops captured or forced to surrender thirty-seven, nearly all women and children. The remainder made a stand in the bluffs, fortified their position with hastily constructed breastworks, and awaited an attack by the troops. The remainder of the story is a repetition of the oft-told tale. After various expedients had been adopted by the army officers, and the Indians had been driven from one point to another, they were finally caught in a wash-out only forty-six miles from their prison, surrounded by the soldiers, and, after a most heroic and stubborn resistance, during which twenty-three of their number were killed, only nine were left to surrender.

The most intelligible accounts of this disgraceful and cruel affair are derived from Lieutenant Schuyler, who was sent by General Crook to investigate it. He states that many Indians, chiefly squaws, had given in before the outbreak, and only the leading chiefs still held out. Several of them were induced to come out for a talk and were immediately secured. Wild Hog, one of the number, stabbing a soldier during the *mélée*. The Indians inside, learning this, put up blankets at the windows and doors, which the soldiers could only remove at the cost of their lives. The Indians then tore up the floor and constructed rifle-pits underneath, whence they guarded every point. They had fifteen rifles and many revolvers. They guarded every avenue until ready, and then sallied out in a body, shooting down two sentinels and taking their guns.

Since the fight a pit has been found under the prison-house, which was completely carpeted with empty sacks. It is here that the arms were probably hidden, and the question will naturally be asked why was there so incomplete a search, and, in view of the fact that it was known that an escape was contemplated, why was there no attempt to barricade the prisoners and a stronger guard placed over them?

The cavalry sent out in pursuit, under command of Captain Wessells, struck the fugitives at a point twenty-two miles from camp. The place of defense selected by the Cheyennes was found to be a rifle-pit eight feet long and four feet wide, deep enough for their complete concealment, while near them, in the sloping ground, was an oval hole dug out, with the side hollowed, so that they could get in under it and be safe from the range of any shot fired at them. This enabled them to keep up a fusillade with deadly effect at close quarters until completely overwhelmed. During their flight they threw away their blankets, so as not to impede the rapidity of their movements and to be in full Indian fighting trim.

As the troops were exhausted and without supplies they returned to the camp, and the Indians, of course, escaped. In the subsequent engagement, January 22d, all four companies were deployed as skirmishers—Company F, Lieutenant Baxter, moving from the south to the northeast side; Company H, Captain Wessells, directly opposite; Company E, Captain Lawson, closed in at the mouth of the ravine, where the Indians had entrenched themselves, and Company A moved to the rear, thus hemming them in on all four sides, leaving no possible avenue of escape. The Indians had placed themselves in a deep washout, keeping under cover. As soon as the skirmishers were within 150 yards of the savages' stronghold the latter opened a deadly fire, killing Sergeant Taggart and Privates Brown and Nelson, of Company A, and dangerously, if not fatally, wounding Private Dubois, of Company H. Despite the dreadful volley poured into the troops they steadily advanced, and when within seventy-five yards of the savages' position fire was opened on all sides with terrible effect. At this moment Captain Wessells, leading his company and loudly cheering them forward, received a slight scalp wound from a pistol in the hands of one of the Cheyennes, rendering him completely insensible. Lieutenant Chase, of Company A, seeing the commanding officer fall, rushed forward instantly, seized Captain Wessells and carried him beyond the range of the enemy's fire; then dashing at the head of his own company, he led them to the very edge of the washout, where they fought the enemy with unabated fury. Meanwhile, Wessells having regained consciousness, again came to the front, and seeing the ground strewn with the dead bodies of the savages, implored his men to cease firing, with a view to getting the remaining Cheyennes to surrender, but the Indians stubbornly refused and rushed at the troops with formidable hunting-knives, having expended all their ammunition. They seemed determined to surrender to death only, but ere they had advanced many paces a volley was fired by the troops and all was over.

SHILOH SHELTER.

A POOR MAN'S LODGING-HOUSE.

THERE are two kinds of charities—the charity that provides for the poor, and the charity that helps the poor to provide for themselves. Of this latter kind is Shiloh Shelter, which is a lodging-house for poor men, in the old church on the corner of Prince and Marion Streets, in New York City. The church has been abandoned as a place of worship for some eight or ten years. It was formerly occupied by a colored congregation, and was called Shiloh Church; hence the name of the Shelter. In November, 1875, Mr. Charles H. Dessart, a merchant of a philanthropic spirit, rented the building, fitted up the pews and benches as bunks for lodgers, and erected frames of scantling, from which hammocks were swung, altogether making places for from 450 to 475 lodgers. During the first Winter the lodgings were free. Tickets were distributed at all

the police-stations in the city, with requests to send respectable men to the Shelter. One Winter's experience served to show that there were many who abused the privilege thus accorded to them, and Mr. Dessart resolved to make a change in the plan, and charge a nominal sum for lodging. A bunk in a few costs three cents a night, and a hammock costs five cents. In the morning a breakfast of boiled mush, flavored with pork and sugar, is served to each one who wants it. Every one can have as much as he wants at a cost of two cents.

Even those who cannot afford these small sums are not rejected, if they are willing to work for the Shelter, in sawing and splitting wood, sweeping up the place, and other chores of that kind.

In the basement there are also bunks, but the larger part is occupied by wash-rooms, bath-rooms, and water-closets. Every lodger is expected to wash himself before leaving in the morning, and when he is very dirty he is given a wash-ticket and is directed to wash not only himself, but also his clothes. If he refuses, he is not admitted again. There is also what is called a "deverminating closet," which is a room about six feet square, which is heated to 140 or 160 degrees. In this the clothes of those who are infested with vermin are hung at night, and in the morning they are entirely free from the pests. In addition, every lodger is furnished with a clean towel, abundance of soap and hot water, and buttons, needles and thread. These are all free.

The house is open at eight o'clock every evening, and remains open till ten. When a lodger presents himself, if he is a new-comer, he must wait until nine o'clock before he can be assigned to a bunk. If he has been there the previous night, he simply leaves his name and the number of the bunk he occupied, and it is then reserved for him until nine o'clock, or if he pays for it in advance, it is reserved all night. After ten o'clock the house is closed and none are admitted. At six o'clock in the morning the lodgers are called; at half-past six there is a second call, and at seven a third, and at half-past seven the house must be cleared of all who are not working or washing their clothes. The latter are allowed to remain until their apparel is dry. The greater part of the lodgers are regular customers, who go night after night. No drunken or disorderly person is admitted, nor any one who will not keep clean. Mr. Dessart is himself present every evening except Sunday, remaining from eight till ten o'clock, and seeing that everything goes aright. During the cold weather the Shelter is filled every night, but in Summer the demand for bunks is not so great.

There are eight men constantly employed in taking care of the place, and the entire premises are thoroughly swept, ventilated and deodorized every day, and once a week every part is thoroughly scrubbed. The names of all the lodgers are registered, and as far as possible the lodgers are always assigned to the same bunks. The Shelter does not pay its expenses, and every year Mr. Dessart is called upon to make up the deficiency. Nevertheless, he keeps it open for charity's sake.

FUN.

HAPPY thought! Those ciphers must have been made naughtomatically.

THE filthy lucre which rolls into the coal-dealer's coffers nowadays is his weather profit.

A BROADWAY hatter engages the services of a poet to concoct his advertisements. A verse-a-line writer, forsooth.

WHAT is the difference between a street railway and a marine portage? One salts the tracks and the other tracts the salts.

THE plumber came down like a wolf on the fold. His pockets were laden with solder and gold. And for four mortal hours he made love to the cook. And seventeen dollars were charged up in his book.

WHEN a young tobacco-chewer, who boasted that his father used the weed up to the day of his death, was asked if he didn't think it shortened his days, he replied, "Not at all. Each one of his days was twenty-four hours long, just the same as if he hadn't used tobacco."

A FRIEND of Dr. Johnson's, in conversation with him, was lamenting the disagreeable situation in which those persons stood who were eminent for their witticisms, as they were perpetually expected to be saying good things—that it was a heavy tax on them. "It is indeed," said Johnson, "a very heavy tax on them—a tax which no man can pay who does not steal."

NEAR Dumfries lived a pious family who had adopted an orphan who was regarded as half-witted. He had imbibed strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she did not think it wrong for the people to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with apples. One half-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he struck the astounded sleeper a blow with an apple on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned round and indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance, "You preach; I'll keep 'em awake!"

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ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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